



THE SINGERS

EACH day I bring my gladness out
And sing it to the buds about
To blossom on my cherry tree
That shades my garden swing for me.
Last week, I swung so very high
I heard a baby blossom cry
A little "let me looser" sound,
And all the song birds gathered 'round
And sang a very merry tune,
And it was born that afternoon.
Since then I'm singing, too, so they
Will everyone be born in May.

Rose Waldo
Editor





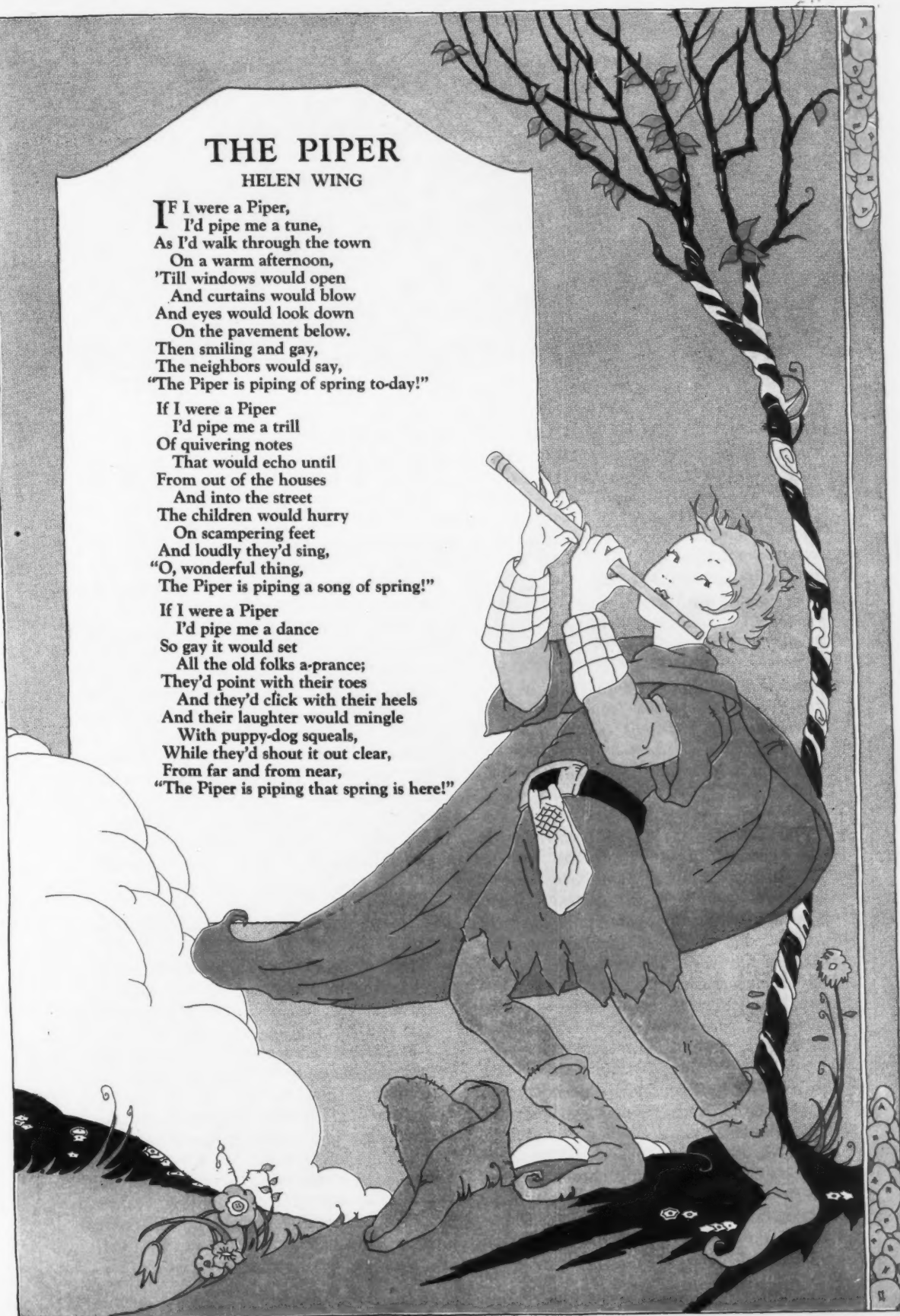
THE PIPER

HELEN WING

If I were a Piper,
I'd pipe me a tune,
As I'd walk through the town
On a warm afternoon,
'Till windows would open
And curtains would blow
And eyes would look down
On the pavement below.
Then smiling and gay,
The neighbors would say,
"The Piper is piping of spring to-day!"

If I were a Piper
I'd pipe me a trill
Of quivering notes
That would echo until
From out of the houses
And into the street
The children would hurry
On scampering feet
And loudly they'd sing,
"O, wonderful thing,
The Piper is piping a song of spring!"

If I were a Piper
I'd pipe me a dance
So gay it would set
All the old folks a-prance;
They'd point with their toes
And they'd clik with their heels
And their laughter would mingle
With puppy-dog squeals,
While they'd shout it out clear,
From far and from near,
"The Piper is piping that spring is here!"





THE MUSIC OF THE MAGIC MONTH OF MAY

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL. B.

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago; President of the Society of American Musicians

*"Come, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,
And away to the Maypole hie,
For every fair has a sweetheart there,
And a fiddler's standing by.*

*"And Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up
and down,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up
and down."*

THE month of May is named for the goddess of growth, *Maia*, and for many centuries men have honored her with song and ceremony, with praise and pageantry, with festivals and fun. May, the grower and given of fruits and flowers, ever has been the month of inspiration of poets, painters and musicians. As I told you last May, the most natural and fascinating celebrations of spring are staged by the wild bird-singers, our "little brothers of the air." I can hear them now singing May Day carols. The wood warblers, chickadee, robins, bluebirds, blue jays, song sparrows, brown thrashers, scarlet tanagers, catbirds, hermit thrush, and many other bird-musicians make up this spring chorus and orchestra, which you can hear now any day, without any admission charge. All you have to do is to go out-of-doors, choose a

shady seat, and keep your ears open and your mouth shut.

But this May I want to tell you how magical the month is, and ever has been, to music-lovers and musicians, for no other month in the calendar has inspired so many outdoor ceremonies and symphonies, or such widespread pageants and pastimes. The American Indian celebrates the growth of the corn which is so necessary to his life in an annual *Maize Ceremony*, and this simple but strong tune, which is given below, is the actual one I took down from the lips of the Omaha Indians:

FIGURE 1. Maize Ritual Song of the Omaha Indians



Indeed, May Day in olden times was celebrated in many and various ways, but music always has been its most characteristic and spiritual expression.

From that wonderful old thirteenth century round-tune, "Sumer is icumen in," (Can you translate this old English into modern English?) to the present day, May Day, May Nights, May dances, May flowers and May dew have inspired music makers among the country-folk as well as the great composers themselves. First, let us read Sir Walter Scott's description of the festival of the First of May in England:

* In this song of the red man it is the Maize itself speaking, and if any of you want to know what the kernels of corn say in the sixteen short verses, you will find words and music on page 266 of the 27th report of our government's Ethnological Reports. Many of you will enjoy much within this large volume, as it is all about the Omaha Indian Tribe. Better ask Father to get it from the public library.



"The amusement with which Elizabeth and her court were next day to be regaled was an exhibition by the true-hearted men of Coventry who were to represent the strife between the English and the Danes in the year 1012. In this pageant one part of the townsfolk represented the Saxons and the other the Danes.

"The English and the Danes came foot and horse, in fantastic dresses imitating knights, in order to resemble the chivalry of the two different nations. To prevent accidents they were not permitted to appear on real horses, but had only license to accoutre themselves with those hobbyhorses which anciently formed the chief delight of a morrice dance.

"Captain Coxe, that celebrated humorist of Coventry, rode valiant on his hobbyhorse before the bands of English, high trussed and brandishing his long sword as became an experienced man of war. This chieftain was the first to enter. He kissed the hilt of his sword to the Queen, and executed at the same time a gambado, the like whereof had never been practiced by two-legged hobbyhorse."

There are many English May songs of this "golden age." They were usually accompanied, as were the dances, by the playing of pipes (like our oboes) and tabors (drums).

Let's pretend the crowd to be gathering around the flower-crested Maypole in Lancashire, in Henry the Eighth's reign. The rustics are in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, with the dancers in fanciful dress, especially those who dance the morris, or as it was once known, the Moorish dance.

They surely were gay "birds," as we say

nowadays, for in the reign of Henry VIII the morris dancers were dressed in gilt leather and silver paper and sometimes in coats of white-spangled fustian. They had purses at their girdles, and wore garters to which bells were attached. The bells were always worn by the more active characters, and the use of them is of great antiquity. They often wore these tinkling ornaments on their feet. The number of bells were from twenty to forty. They were known as the fore-bell, the treble, the tenor, the bass, and the double-bell. Sometimes bells were jingled by the hands, or attached to the arms and wrists. Scarfs, ribbons, and laces were hung with golden bells. Handkerchiefs were held in the hands or tied to the shoulders.

To the accompaniment of bagpipe, or shawm and tabor, or perhaps with the viol or fiddle, the Maypole was patterned with colored ribbons, and then the morris dance was gayly given before the "Lord and Lady of the May," as well as before the many and joyous onlookers. These are the type of dance-songs they heard. You may, if you wish, easily get and learn them for yourself—"Come, Lassies and Lads," "The Merry Milkmaids," "But Where are all Those Fair Maids?" "The Chesire Round" and others.

So through the years have simple music-makers coined pretty May-tunes, many of which are still being sung in England at May Day festivities, and since the day of the great Italian composer, Palestrina, master-musicians everywhere have written music full of the living, growing, joyous spirit of May.

Many of you have heard Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony. In it the sounds of birds and brook and village revelry are

(Continued on page 305)



PAN'S SECRET

By MARJORIE BARROWS



CHARACTERS

PAN O'THE WOODS.

WOODLAND ELVES.

THE HUNTSMAN.

THE FOOL.

SUMMER, with a Butterfly and Flower Fairies (Waterlilies, Poppies, and garden flowers).

AUTUMN, with her Autumn Leaves, Harvest Elves and Little Witches.

WINTER, with her Holly Goblins, Jack Frost, and Frost Fairies.

SPRING, with a host of Buds, Violets, Anemones, Buttercups, Spring Beauties, and Wild Roses. A White Bunny hops along, too.

Pan is a little Puck-ish figure, in a light green suit, and cap, to which is attached sharp-pointed elfin ears. The Elves wear the same sort of costumes, only of a woodsy brown. The Huntsman wears a black costume, with a hunter's horn slung over his shoulder, while The Fool wears a clownish suit of motley colors. The Flower Fairies wear dresses with short, petaled skirts, with garlands of their own flowers in their hair, and perhaps, more garlands for sashes. All wear, of course, their own colors, and some carry wired hoops of flowers to hold above their heads. Summer Autumn, and Winter wear long, white robes, with flowing Grecian lines, with green leaves, scarlet and gold leaves, and small sparkling snowballs chapleting their hair. Spring wears a beautiful flowing gown of light green with touches of silver here and there. Around her head is a wreath of wild rose buds. The Holly Goblins wear scarlet and green suits, the Frost Fairies are in white and sparkling silver, and toss cotton snowballs around; the Harvest Elves wear pumpkin-y heads and yellow suits and carry baskets of brightly-colored fruits and vegetables; the little

Witches wear black capes and hats and cats and broomsticks. The White Bunny carries a lavender umbrella to keep his white

fuzzy suit and long ears protected from spring showers. His costume, as well as all the others, looks like the one in the picture here.

SCENE: At the edge of a forest. Trees are in the background and on the mossy earth, a little to the right, is a tree stump. As it is only a quarter-to-Spring, the wild flowers are not yet awake. The first thing you notice is Pan, the leader of the woodland elves, lying asleep on the ground at the right. For an instant he remains very still, then a distant hunter's horn awakens him and he seats himself dreamily on the big stump, takes out his pipes, examines them carefully, throws back his head and starts playing. At least he seems to play, for soft strains of Schubert's "Moment Musical" are now heard and in a moment a wood elf pops up from behind a bush at the left.

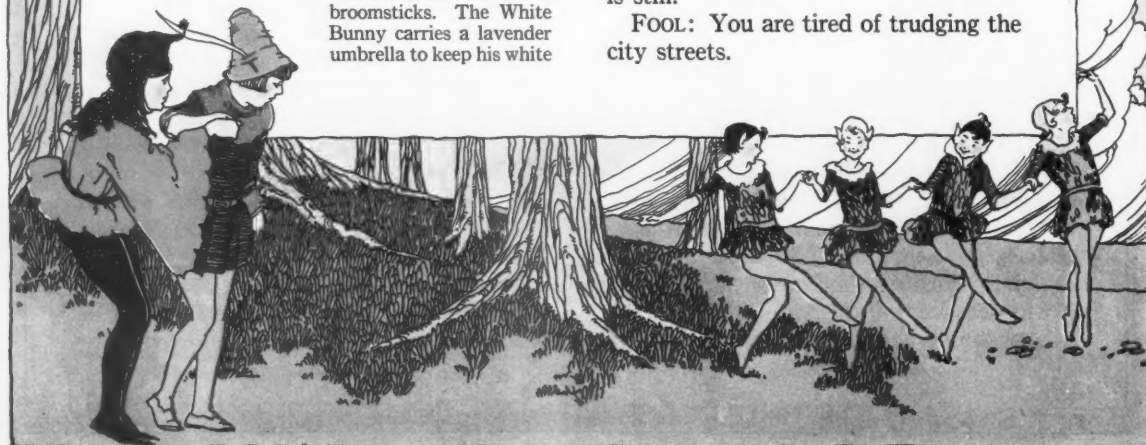
ELF: Pan! Pan! Are you calling us, Pan?

[PAN nods his head and goes on playing, while one by one other ELVES pop up here and there and steal softly out into the open. As the music grows louder, all begin to dance, imitating each gesture of the first ELF, and laughing gaily. Then voices are heard, and each ELF stops as quickly as PAN's music, puts hand to ear and then finger to lip, and tiptoes back to his hiding place. PAN seats himself on the ground beside the tree trunk and keeps, oh, so still. THE FOOL, with a little HUNTSMAN leaning heavily on his arm, comes slowly in at the left. The FOOL props his companion up by a tree at the left, where he leans back and closes his eyes.]

FOOL: There, master. Rest here for a bit—here in the forest.

HUNTSMAN: Here in the forest where the wild flowers sleep and the brook is still.

FOOL: You are tired of trudging the city streets.





WINTER

HUNTSMAN:
Yes, and weary
of sailing
through sunset
waters and
climbing the
purple hills.

FOOL: If only

you would give up the search!

HUNTSMAN: Give up the search?
Never!

[PAN smiles at this, and lifting his pipes to his lips begins to play, softly at first, then a bit louder. The HUNTSMAN leans forward eagerly; the FOOL steps toward him.]

FOOL: Hello. Who are you?

PAN: I'm Pan.

FOOL: Pan o' the woods?

PAN: Yes, Pan o' the woods. I know all Mother Nature's secrets but I won't tell you! Who are you, anyway?

FOOL (drawing himself up proudly): I'm a Fool. Ha! Ha! Sometimes I laugh at the world, and sometimes the world laughs at me. And my master here (he points to his friend) is a tired Huntsman. He's the real fool, after all, for he's looking for something he can never find.

PAN: What is he looking for?

HUNTSMAN (stretching out his hand, eagerly): Oh, sir, can you help me? I've searched for it up and down the world and 'round nearly every corner. But I cannot find it.

PAN: Find what?

HUNTSMAN: I cannot find the secret seed I dreamed of finding—just one small seed to give me and to give other huntsmen of the world a song for our lips, and laughter for our hearts and rest and peace and joy. The secret seed I dreamed of bears a message

we have all forgotten.

PAN (shaking a puzzled head): I wonder—I wonder. Well, we'll try to help you. We'll try.

[He pipes a few notes and the ELVES pop up and hurry towards him. They whisper to him. PAN hands the HUNTSMAN a birch bark box, then seats himself on the stump again, with the ELVES seated in a semicircle around him.]

PAN: The box will hold your seed, if we find it. I will call some of my friends to help. [He closes his eyes and is silent for a moment; then he calls softly.] Spirit of Summer!

ELVES (softly echoing): Spirit of Summer!

[As PAN pipes, the dreamy strains of Beethoven's "Little Minuet in G" float out on the air and over at the left SUMMER and her followers drift in.]

FIRST ELF (softly): See, Summer has come with her followers.

SECOND ELF (even softer): See the Butterfly, and all the Flower Fairies—the waterlilies, poppies, and the garden flowers, too!

[SUMMER and her train sway to and fro and 'round and 'round to the dreamy music. Then the followers drop down at the far right.]

SUMMER (looking inquiringly from PAN to the HUNTSMAN): You wish?

HUNTSMAN: The seed—the secret seed that brings laughter and joy.

[PAN lifts his pipes to his lips and the music of MacDowell's "To a Water lily" is heard. SUMMER nods and begins a solo dance, scattering some of the flowers she carries. At the close of the dance, she drops a seed into the HUNTSMAN'S box and drifts out at the right with her followers.]

HUNTSMAN (eagerly): The seed! The seed!

ELVES (echoing) The seed!



SPRING



[The HUNTSMAN reaches in and pulls out a full-blown poppy, its petals almost ready to fall. He sits looking at it for a moment, then shakes his head sadly and leans back against the tree.]

FIRST ELF: It was a full-blown poppy.

SECOND ELF: It was not the seed.

PAN (raising his pipes to his lips): Spirit of Autumn!

ELVES (softly echoing): Spirit of Autumn!

[PAN begins to play, and as the weird, rollicking strains of Schumann's "Knight Rupert, Opus 68" are heard, over at the left appear AUTUMN and her followers, who dance gaily in and out of the forest opening.]

FIRST ELF (softly): See, Autumn has come.

SECOND ELF (even more softly): And Autumn has brought us her gold and crimson leaves, her harvest elves and chrysanthemums, and even her Halloween witches.

FIRST ELF: See, the little witches dance alone now—a broomstick dance!

[The music changes to MacDowell's "Hexentanz" or Schytte's "Witches' Revels," as the little WITCHES go scampering around, then changes again to MacDowell's "To Autumn."]

AUTUMN: You wish—my seed?

[As the HUNTSMAN nods and holds forth his box, AUTUMN and her leaves give their dance, at the close of which, when AUTUMN tosses her seed into the box, they all—WITCHES, HARVEST ELVES and the rest—dance out at the right.]

FOOL: Quick! Let's look. Is it the real seed this time?

[The HUNTSMAN reaches in the box and slowly draws forth an acorn. He shakes his head in dismay.]

FOOL (in disgust): April Fool!

FIRST ELF: It was an acorn.

SECOND ELF: It was not the seed.

PAN (raising the pipes to his lips): Spirit of Winter!

ELVES (softly echoing): Spirit of Winter!

[The music begins and at the sound (it is "Anitra's Dance" from Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite) the SPIRIT OF WINTER enters gaily with JACK

FROST, the FROST FAIRIES, and the HOLLY GOBLINS. A lively dance follows.]

FIRST ELF: It is Winter.

SECOND ELF: Winter with Jack Frost, the Frost Fairies and yes, there are the Holly Goblins!

[The music changes to Schubert's "Erlking," or Heller's "Avalanche," which works up to a tremendous crescendo. With a shriek, WINTER closes the dance by throwing her seed into the HUNTSMAN'S box, then disappears with her followers. All crowd around the HUNTSMAN crying, "The seed! The seed!" The HUNTSMAN lifts it out. It has turned into a little dead twig.]

FIRST ELF: It was a little dead twig.

SECOND ELF: It was not the seed.

[The HUNTSMAN groans and hides his face in his hands. Distant thunder is heard.]

PAN (slipping off his stump and leaning over the HUNTSMAN): Don't you care. Let's just keep on trying—trying—

[As the HUNTSMAN makes no answer, PAN perches silently on his stump once more and looks thoughtfully at his pipes. There is a moment's silence.]

PAN (calling softly): Spring! Spring! Spirit of Spring!

ELVES (echoing): Spirit of Spring!

[Soft music is heard—MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose" and then Grieg's "Spring Song." As the music grows louder, in dance, with dreamy loveliness, SPRING with her FLOWER FAIRIES—BUDS, VIOLETS, ANEMONES, BUTTERCUPS, SPRING BEAUTIES and WILD ROSES. A WHITE BUNNY hops along, too, in and out among the bushes. PAN, the ELVES, the FOOL and the HUNTSMAN lean forward breathlessly, watching the beautiful dance. At the close of the dance, SPRING pauses with hand above the HUNTSMAN'S box, which he eagerly holds out to her.]

ELVES: The seed! The secret seed!

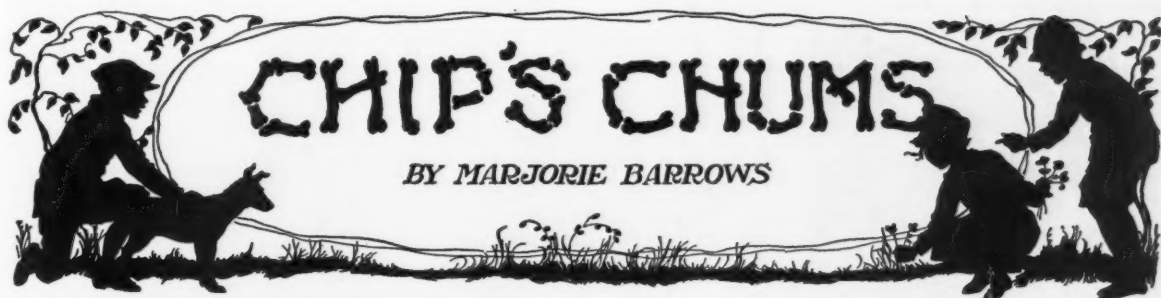
[SPRING drops a seed into the box and steps back. The HUNTSMAN reaches down for SPRING'S seed which has now unfurled and brought forth a half-opened bud. Faint strains of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" are now heard.]

FOOL (disappointedly): Is that all—only a bud?

HUNTSMAN (holding it up exultantly): Only a bud! But oh, it came from an

(Continued on page 306)





1 Jocko, who was doing monkey-shines in the park, broke loose and climbed a tree to try out his own daily dozen.



2 His master objected to Jocko's monkeying around up there; so Ted offered to climb up and bring the rascal down again.



3 He did—but not in the way he intended to. Climbing 'way out on a limb, Jocko swung by his tail, took a flying leap, and landed on Chip's back.



4 Chip yelled high C, and made a twenty yard dash before Jocko tired of the ride, jumped off again and ran over to Betsy Ann for peanuts.



5 Then Jocko's master struck up "The Monkey Doodle Doos," while Jocko and his new friends began to dance. But Chip remembered a date and hurried away.



TO MOTHER FROM PADDY BEAR



By
HELEN A. MONSELL



IT WAS Fuzzy Bear who told Paddy and Betty Squirrel about Mother's Day. He and Auntie Bear were visiting at the Blue Black Cave again, and the two little bears had gone wading in the stream while Betty sat on the bank watching.

"Mother's Day," Fuzzy told them, "is an extra special day when you show your mother how much you love her. You wear white flowers in honor of her, and you give her just the nicest present you can. It comes tomorrow."

"I know where some white violets grow," Betty said. "We can wear all of those we want. But what are you going to do for a present?"

"Oh, I've got a fine feather fan my father bought before I left home for me to give her," Fuzzy answered. "It is the most beautiful fan you ever saw. It's pink and fuzzy. I expect it cost lots of money."

"My, that will be fine!" Paddy said. "I wish I had a nice present like that." He thought and thought until suddenly he had a bright idea. "Yes, sir, I know what I'm going to give my mother. It will be just as nice as a fan! But I can't tell you until tomorrow!"

Paddy knew his mother was very fond of wild strawberries, and he had suddenly remembered a place, way up near the top of the mountain, where they were just beginning to get ripe.

If he went up there very early in the morning, before any of the other animals found them, maybe he could get a whole pailful!

The next morning Paddy slipped out of bed while everybody was asleep, got a tin pail from the kitchen and began his climb up the mountainside. It was a steep, hard climb for a little bear, but at last he came to the wild strawberry patch. Sure enough, not another animal had found it, and the little red strawberries were just beginning to peep out from under the green leaves. There weren't so very many—Paddy had to stoop and pick and stoop and pick until his back ached, but at last he had his whole pail full, and started back down the mountain.

He had just reached the steepest place when something behind a bush called out, "Stop there! What have you got in that pail?"

It startled Paddy so he stumbled and lost his balance, and down the mountain he rolled, his pail bumping along behind him. Then Fuzzy Bear jumped out from behind the bush. When he had waked, he had come out to find Paddy, and was just trying to scare him. He laughed and laughed to see Paddy rolling down the hill, for he knew he was used to things like that, and it wouldn't really hurt him, but when Paddy finally came to a stop and picked himself up, he didn't laugh a little bit. Every last strawberry had been jounced out of the pail.



It was Mother's Day morning, and he didn't have any present for his mother!

He was almost crying as he went back to the Blue Black Cave, but when he was nearly there, he had another thought. "I am going to give my mother a nice present yet," he told Fuzzy. "Just you wait and see."

It was still very early in the morning. He could hear Mother Bear in the back of the cave getting breakfast. He tiptoed in, got the broom from the corner, and began sweeping away the dust from the front of the cave. When Mother Bear, after getting breakfast started, came out to clean up, she found everything as neat and tidy as a pin. Paddy Bear, with a bunch of white violets over one ear, was just putting away the broom.

"It is Mother's Day," he said, running over to kiss her, "and this is one of my presents to you, because I love you. I am going to keep on giving you presents like this, all day long!"

And he did. You know how much extra work there is when you have company, and sometimes Paddy hadn't been very good about helping. But to-day you should have seen him work! "It's a Mother's Day present," he told his mother while he washed the dishes. "It is a Mother's Day present," he said when he carried out the trash while she sat and talked with Auntie Bear.

It was nearly noon before he had time to talk to Fuzzy and Betty at all.

"My mother liked her fan ever so much,"

Fuzzy boasted. "What did you give your mother, Betty?"

"Oh, I made her a necklace of acorns to hang around her neck. Then, whenever she gets hungry, she can pop a bead right off her

necklace and eat it. What did you give your mother, Paddy?"

Just then they heard Mama Bear calling, "Paddy! Fuzzy! It is time for your nap!"

"Let's pretend we don't hear her," said Fuzzy. "I don't feel sleepy, anyhow."

But Paddy jumped up. "I'll have to go. You see, minding my mother right away is another one of the presents I am giving her."

So in he went,

and after some fussing, Fuzzy went along, too.

Paddy slept and slept. When he waked, Mrs Squirrel had come to call, and sat talking with Mama and Auntie Bear in one corner of the Blue Black Cave. Paddy could not help but hear what they said.

"Did you see the fan my son gave me for Mother's Day?" asked Auntie Bear.

"Lovely!" cried Mrs. Squirrel. "And see the necklace Betty gave me!"

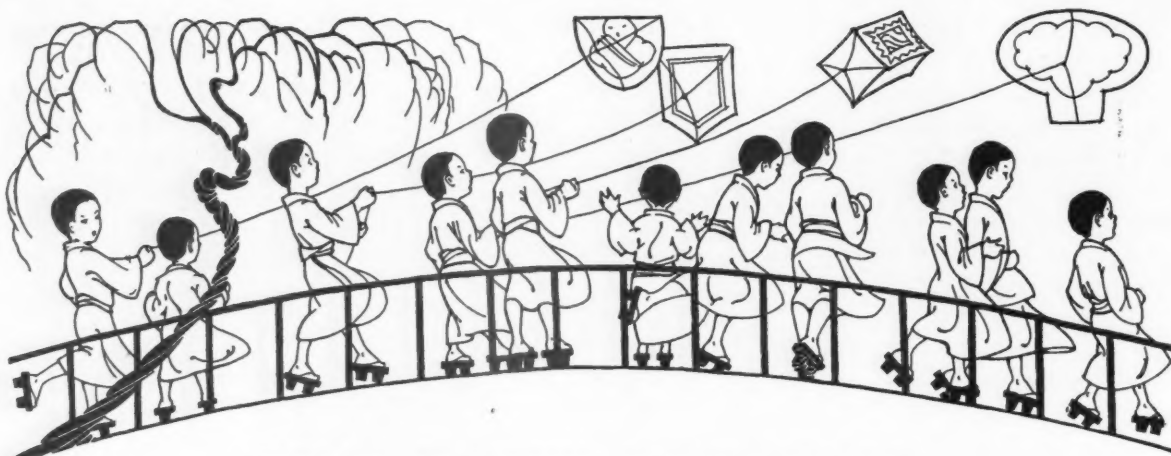
But Mama Bear smiled the nicest smile. "My son gave me the very best present of all," she said, and she told how he had helped her, and how good he had been.

"Yes," Mrs. Squirrel agreed, when she had finished. "That is the best present of all."

Auntie Bear nodded. "Yes, because it really shows how much he loves you."

Then don't you know that Paddy Bear, lying on his pine-bough bed, felt *very* happy?





THE BOYS' FESTIVAL IN JAPAN

YOU remember there are five great festivals a year in Japan.

They come on the first day of the first month, the third of the third month, the fifth of the fifth month, the seventh of the seventh month and the ninth of the ninth month. New Year's day has gone; the girls' festival on March third is past; we are now ready for the boys' festival on the fifth day of the fifth month.

Just as the dolls' festival for the girls is not just play, so the boys' festival is not only a day of sport and amusement. It, too, has its toys and its dolls, but the dolls and toys are not really meant to be played with. They are to be looked at and thought about. They are intended to remind the boys of great deeds of the past and to inspire them to great deeds in the future. The boys' festival is intended to make a boy true and honest. The boy's father and mother want him to grow up to be a loyal Japanese with high ideals and noble desires. So they take much trouble to have the fifth day of the fifth month every year so happy that he will wait anxiously for it to come and will remember it with joy.

What a curious sight you would see on the morning of that day in Japan! At almost every house there is a long pole, something like a fish pole. Indeed we will have to call it a fish pole, for from every pole there are fishes hanging. They are fishes of all sizes and colors.

By **FREDERICK STARR**

Author of Liberia, The Truth About the Congo, Indians of Southern Mexico, Japanese Proverbs, Korean Buddhism, etc.

Some of them are made of paper, some of cloth. There are little fishes only a foot or so long and there are big ones, measuring six or eight feet. All are hollow, and when the wind blows into them they swell up and float in the air and look as if they were alive and swimming. While these queer fish are of different sizes and colors, they are all of one kind. They are all carp. Some of the poles have only one fish; some have two or three; a few have as many as five or six. When there are several fish on one pole, they are usually of different sizes—little fish, middle-sized fish, big fish. What does it all mean?

At all the houses where there are these poles with floating fish, there are boys in the family. Where there is only one boy, there is one fish to the pole.

If there are five or six fish dangling from the pole, there are five or six boys in the family—one fish for every boy. They want the boys to be brave and strong and to do their best in the world. That is why the fish are carp. The Japanese say the carp swims upstream; he loves to struggle against the current. So they want the boys to struggle bravely against difficulties. Like the carp, they must overcome obstacles and make their way against opposition.

In most Japanese towns there are public bathhouses. On the day of the boys' festival the boys go to take an early bath. On other





days there are no iris leaves in the water. On this day there are. You know the iris leaf. It is flat and long and narrow, with a point at the end and smooth sides. It is really very like a sword. The next time you see one, you will notice this. Chil-

dren might even play that iris leaves *were* swords, but I fear they would not last long in a battle. The Japanese say that the iris means victory, or success. I suppose this is because the leaf looks like a sword. Anyway the iris leaves, floating in the hot water of his bath, the Japanese think will help make the boy strong, will give him success or victory in life.

When he gets up in the morning, even before he goes out to his bath, the boy hurries to see the strange and pretty and precious things his mother has laid out in honor of his festal day. In the best room of the house there is a *tokonoma*. This is an alcove or recess in one side of the room. It takes up one half the side of the room and its floor is several inches higher than the floor of the room. At the back of the *tokonoma* there usually hangs a picture.

In front of this there is a little stand upon which a vase of flowers or some beautiful or curious thing is placed. The *tokonoma* is the place of honor in the room. It is intended for the display of choice things for the admiration of visitors. When the boys' festival comes, the mother takes out whatever may be in the *tokonoma* and fills it with things for his pleasure. The picture at the back may show Yoshitsune and the faithful Benkei, or the un-ortunate Atsumori and Kumagai. In front of this on the stand there may be a doll representing Kusunoki Masashige, a brave and faithful general, or Hideyoshi. At the sides, filling up the *tokonoma*, there may be other dolls, representing actual heroes, or the make-believe people of the story books. Momotaro and Kintaro. If Momotaro is there, he will have with him his dog and monkey and pheasant, who went with him to seek his fortune and who helped him to fight the demons. There are toys, too—kites with pictures

of scowling generals painted on them, and toy swords and spears, and strange toys that he does not understand well and which he never sees at other times.

If the boy had *samurai* (knight) ancestors, things are laid out for him to look at that tell the story of their bravery and famous deeds. Perhaps there is a suit of armor that belonged to his great-grandfather, or fine old swords that have been in battle, or long bows with strange arrows, or quaint old-fashioned saddle and stirrups. These are family treasures. There are things in the *tokonoma* which the boy may handle and play with—the kites, the wooden swords and so on—but the heirlooms are too precious to be touched. They call up, however, the things he has heard his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, tell a hundred times.

Everything in the display calls up memories. The boy knows the story of every doll in the *tokonoma*, whether it represents a real person or only a story-boy. The picture of Atsumori and Kumagai tells



a story of long ago. Kumagai was a famous warrior who repented of his cruelty to young Atsumori, with whom he had been battling. Filled with sorrow and remorse, Kumagai gave up warfare for the rest of his life.

The great hero of the Japanese boy is Yoshitsune. His doll is almost certain to be in the *tokonoma*. Benkei will be sure to be with him. Yoshitsune was a brave young knight who met and disarmed the blustering, gigantic Benkei at a bridge in Kyoto. Benkei was filled with admiration and became Yoshitsune's faithful follower and friend.

If the boy belongs to a poor family, Hideyoshi will quite surely be among his dolls. He was the poorest of poor boys. He was homely, too, and was often called "Monkey face." But by his energy and force of character he became the actual ruler of Japan. The development of Japan into a united nation was largely due to him. There was much in the life of Hideyoshi that ought not to be copied, but to every poor boy



(Continued on page 312)

THE ADVENTURES OF ANDY

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Andy—or Andromeda as she was known before she lost her job and half of her name—is peeved. Her little girl has just been married. And Andy feels grumpy and ill-used and as lonely as a snub-nosed doll *can* feel. So she goes and sits on the fire escape (where she has never been allowed to sit) and begins chatting with a sparrow and with a wooden acrobat who lives next door. He admires her very much, but tells her quite plainly that she is too proud and stubborn. This disturbs Andy dreadfully, and to add to her troubles she finds the window behind her has been shut, and the family have gone to the country for the summer.

Late that afternoon just when Andy's spirits begin to sink lower and lower, a large magenta balloon sails her way. In its basket sits a masked airman, who offers her a lift, takes her to a lonely marsh, then sails away again. Among the weeds and rushes Andy meets Billy-the-Lantern, a hedgehog hung with all sorts of papers and odds and ends found in the woods he is always tidying. He hunts up a small hotel for her, and clutching this tightly in her arms, Andy goes to sleep. The next morning after eating some of Billy-the-Lantern's pancakes, Andy starts on her way, and soon meets a bored-looking horse, fond of eating huckleberry bushes, a cranky rag doll, a wooden soldier and a pink china cat with three legs. They have all run away and invite Andy to come along with them to Africa, where they intend to found a colony.

CHAPTER VI ANDY MAKES A DISCOVERY

THE sun was very hot, the path was very sandy, and Josiah Molly Coddle, the spotted horse, certainly took his own time on the way. Nothing would hurry him, and he kept dawdling from one side of the road to the other in a most provoking manner. "If he would only go straight," Andy thought. "I'm sure we could get there in half the time!" The others seemed to pay no heed to his method of progress; perhaps they were used to it, and anyway the rag doll chattered so incessantly that it would have been difficult for her to notice

By MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

Author of "The Velveteen Rabbit," "The Apple Tree,"
"The Little Wooden Doll," "Poor Cecco," etc.

anything at all. Not that it mattered really how soon they got there or

whether they got there at all, for that matter, since no one seemed very clear about where they were going; the rag doll having lost all interest in Africa was now content to let the spotted horse take them wherever he chose.

He, needless to say, chose the road that looked as if it had the most huckleberries along it.

Presently the china cat, who complained that he was getting stiff from sitting in the wagon so long, decided to get out and walk, so Andy had to listen to the rag doll's conversation all alone, the wooden soldier by this time appearing to be sound asleep. Whether he really was sleeping Andy could not tell; he was naturally so quiet that it could not make much difference either way, though she strongly suspected him of pretending, so as to avoid having to nod his head and look interested while the rag doll talked.

Before long Andy began to yawn. "Oh, dear," she thought as they jogged along, "I wish we'd get to somewhere or somewhere else

pretty soon! This certainly isn't very inciting!"

At that very instant the wagon gave a sudden lurch, road and bushes disappeared as by magic, and they all tumbled head-over-heels together into space.

For the moment Andy really thought they had reached the end of the world and fallen right over the edge!

As a matter of fact, she wasn't far wrong. What had really happened was that the spotted horse,



THE RAG-DOLL WAS VERY ANGRY

staring up at the sky and back at some huckleberry bushes and paying no attention to where he was going, never even saw that the path he had chosen to follow led directly to the edge of a steep precipice, until all at once he took a step into empty air.

Luckily, though the cliff was both tall and steep, it ended in soft sand. There they all lay, tangled up in the wagon wheels, but none of them much hurt. The wooden soldier came off worst, for he had landed upside down with his head stuck fast in the sand, and Andy, who was the first to see his plight, had to tug hard at his heels to get him right way up again.

The rag doll was very angry.

"Why don't you look where you are going?" she complained to the horse. "You must have stepped on something!"

"I didn't!" said the horse. "It would have been all right if I had!"

He rose sulkily and shook the sand from his mane and tail, making a little shower all around. Meantime the cat, who had been strolling

some distance behind the wagon when it so suddenly disappeared, came hurrying in great surprise to the edge of the bank and poked his head over to see what had happened.

"Be careful!" they all shouted at once. "Be careful!"

"Careful, indeed!" cried the china cat. "I should say it was you who need to be careful, not me. *I'm* all right!" And letting himself cautiously over the edge he slid down and joined them. By this time Andy had pulled the wooden soldier out and brushed the sand from his eyes. They all stood and stared at the bank.

Seen from below, it looked very high and very steep. It would certainly be a problem to get up it again.

"*I'm* not going to climb that!" declared the rag

doll firmly. "The horse brought us down and he's got to take us up again; that's all about it."

"Yes, it's your fault!" cried the soldier and the china cat together. "Why didn't you stop?"

"You never told me to stop," the horse returned.

"Whenever I do stop you're always complaining. When I don't stop you see what comes of it. Besides, the steering is your business. You can't expect me to pull the wagon and drive at the same time; whoever heard of such a thing?"

They turned the wagon right side up again and all got in, while the horse did his very best to climb up the bank. But it was no use; at each step the loose sand gave way beneath his feet and he came sliding back again. "There is no good trying," he said at last sulkily. "It's made of the wrong stuff."

The real reason was nothing of the kind; it was because he had eaten too many huckleberries, and so the rag doll told him.

"If you hadn't been such a greedy pig," she declared

shrilly, "you could do it quite easily! I've seen much worse hills than that."

"Where?" asked the horse.

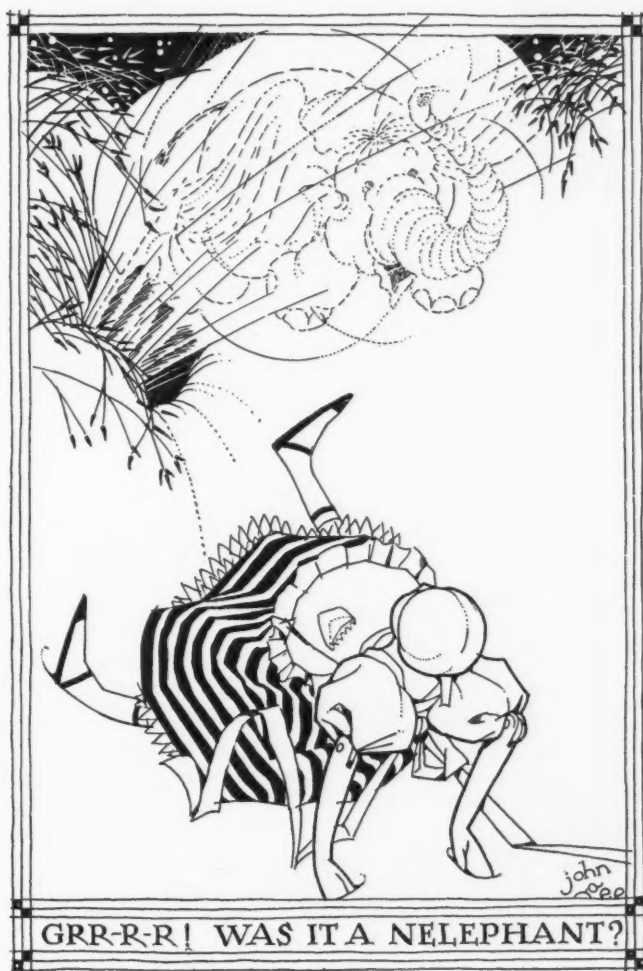
But the rag doll would not say.

"Do it yourself if it's so easy," the horse suggested.

The rag doll tried, but with no better success; at the third step she fell flat on her face and slid down again, which made her more angry than ever. "I won't go out with you anywhere again," she said. "Ever!"

Since there was nothing to be done about the bank, except to stare at it, Andy now had the brilliant idea of looking in the other direction, and exclaimed immediately, "Look! There's a river!"

Sure enough there was, flowing just behind them, a fine, gushy river, far too wide to cross without a





boat, but with a nice sandy beach to it, stretching to right and left as far as they could see. The bank, curving in at this point, made a little inclosed bay, just where they were standing. As soon as the rag doll saw this she announced,

"I like this place. I shall start my colony right here and if the rest of you don't like it you can move on somewhere else. Anyway I found it first and it's mine."

If anyone had found it first, Andy thought it was certainly the spotted horse, but as he did not put in any claim it seemed as well to let the rag doll have things her own way, which she was bound to do anyhow in the end, being that kind of person.

The first thing to do was to set up the hotel, which they did, fetching it from the wagon, and while the china cat busied himself setting out twigs in rows to make trees, the wooden soldier, under the rag doll's direction, marked the ground off into streets with his bayonet. Andy thought she might do a little exploring.

It occurred to her that if she could only find some sort of cave it might do very well to live in while the colony was being built, which seemed likely to take a long while. Farther along the shore there were some holes in the bank that looked very like caves, and these she determined to examine.

There were five or six, she found—plenty of choice, though unfortunately most of them were far too high up to reach without a ladder. One, however, situated a little lower in the bank, looked very promising, and by setting her feet carefully in the crumbly soil and clinging to the little tufts of grass that sprouted out here and there, Andy at last managed to pull herself far enough to look in.

No sooner however, had she poked her head cautiously inside than there was a tremendous whirr and rush, and something dashed out with a noise

like an express train, scattering the loose sand in all directions and knocking Andy flat on the ground, where she set up such a squealing that the spotted horse, who had been rolling on his back under the bushes a little distance off, at once lifted his head, listened, and came lumbering up to the foot of the bank to know what had happened.

"I just climbed up to the cave," Andy began excitedly, "and I was just looking in, when something went *grr—grr* and jumped out right in my face!"

"What was it?" asked the horse.

"I don't know," said Andy, "but it was very big and it went *grr—grr*, and I *think* it was a nelephant!"

"Nonsense!" said the horse. "Is it in there now?"

"How can it be when I tell you it jumped out?"

"Go and see."

"I won't," said Andy. "I'm scared!"

"Don't be such a baby," said the horse. And he shouted out to the others, "Come here! Come here, quick! Andy's found a nelephant!"

The colony had not been getting on very fast, chiefly because the rag doll would keep changing her mind about where she wanted it to be. Twice she had made the china cat pull all his trees up and plant them nearer the river, and she was now engaged in rubbing out all the streets with her foot as fast as the soldier marked them off. This made no difference to the soldier, who could only keep one idea in his head at a time, and having once been ordered to mark off streets continued marking them, very evenly and methodically, and without bothering whether the rag doll wanted them there or somewhere else. Hearing all the commotion, however, he finally dropped his bayonet and came running with the others.

"What's happened?" they asked.

Andy had to tell her story all over again.

"I was just climbing up the bank—"



"We know all that," interrupted the horse, who had already heard it three times. "Never mind that part!"

"I was just climbing up the bank," Andy insisted, "and I put my head in the cave to look, and something went *grr-grr*, and what *do* you think? A great enormous elephant jumped out right in my face!"

"She's just making it up!" said the rag doll.

"I'm *not*," cried Andy. "I'm telling you!"

"Which way did it go?" the china cat asked.

"I don't know. It just went!"

"What did you let it go for?" said the rag doll crossly. "You should have kept it."

One thing, the cat pointed out, was quite clear; if it was a nelephant then they must be in Africa after all, which pleased the rag doll immensely. Andy was by this time quite positive it was a nelephant; the more she thought about it the more certain she became. The others wanted her to go back into the cave and see if there were any more. This she at first refused to do, but having got over her first fright by this time, and beginning to feel herself somewhat of a heroine, especially with everyone watching her, she finally consented.

CHAPTER VII EGGIE

From below it was impossible to see what was going on in the cave. Andy took a long time. Apparently she was moving about in there, for little twigs and trickles of sand began to fall down from the entrance. At last she reappeared. She looked eager and breathless, and was staggering under the weight of a strange object, big and round and resembling a spotted stone, which she clutched in her arms.

"It's an edge!" she cried. "Someone put an edge there!" She meant an egg, but she was far too excited to bother about her words. Just at that moment her foot slipped; she sat down with great suddenness and presence of mind, and came sliding, egg and all, to the bottom of the bank.

"Now you've done it!" said the spotted horse.

Sure enough the egg was cracked, right across the middle. They looked at it in dismay.

"Do you suppose he'll mind?" Andy said.

"Who?"

"The elephant."

"Maybe we could stick it together with something, so it won't show so much," suggested the china cat, who had once had his own leg mended in this way.

"If we're going to do that," said the rag doll, "we might as well look inside first and see what's in it. Bring it over here!"

She put her hand on the egg as she spoke, but immediately drew back with a little squeal.

"There's something inside! I can hear it moving!"

Something there was certainly—a faint scratching and thumping, which they could hear distinctly. Andy turned pale.

"Let's put it back, quick!" she said. "I believe it's going off!"

But the others were against this, especially the rag doll, who really seemed to look upon the

egg as her own and was busily giving orders about it. Eggs, she insisted, had to be sat upon. They must all sit on this one in turn, and then maybe it would hatch and if a baby elephant came out they could have an elephant farm. The cat however, thought it might be an Easter egg. Easter eggs nearly always had something inside them, rings or bead necklaces, or sometimes candy. Everyone knew that the rabbits laid Easter eggs, but how about elephants? No one seemed to have heard of an Easter elephant.

Andy, who thought the rag doll was being altogether too bossy about the egg, considering she had not found it, anyway, went to sit alone at a little distance. Next time she found something she wouldn't tell the rag doll anything about it.

Meantime no one wanted to be the first to sit on the egg, until the rag doll said firmly, "Well, if no one else will, I shall myself!"

"I dare you!" cried the horse instantly. At this the rag doll prepared to sit down, spreading her skirts carefully the way she had seen hens do in the nest-boxes at home, when all at once there came a crack from the egg, louder than any they had heard before. The rag doll sprang up with a squeal of alarm, and just as Andy ran hastily back the two halves of the egg shell flew apart and out fell—

Not a bead necklace nor a baby elephant, nor



(Continued on page 310)

ROGER AT THE HELM

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

It looked to Roger as though their home was just as good as gone. Grandfather Hudson had left the place to Dad, but it had been willed to him by a strange old man, a friend of his whose son had run away to sea. Grandfather's will had said that if the son ever came back, the house would belong, rightfully, to him; and now Dad had heard that the son of the strange old man was living. While Roger's father and mother were in Hampton, investigating, Roger was left to look after things at home, with a number of his pals to keep him company. He and Shorty began to search for the treasure which, it was rumored, the old man had hidden years before. That night a strange man, with his wife and child, came seeking shelter from the storm; and the boys learned that he was the son of the old friend of Grandfather Hudson's—the son who was to have the house in case he ever came back. The boys wondered just who would have the first right to the treasure in case they found one—Roger's family or the stranger—and their anxiety was only increased when the man's little son accidentally knocked off one of the knobs on the old four-poster bed and the boys found inside a gold watch wrapped inside a yellowed note. Roger was surprised to find that the post was a hiding-place for jewels, and still more surprised when he read the writing on the yellowed piece of paper: "Look in the secret compartment and give what you find to Thomas."

PART IV

IT MIGHT be that Grandfather Hudson's friend did leave him that box of money—" mused Roger. "If this were so, it kind of goes with that scrap of paper. What say we wake up the gang and show this to 'em?"

"Awfully late," said Shorty. "I don't believe *anything*'d ever wake 'em up! And, anyhow, we couldn't go knocking around with those people upstairs. They'd catch on—a bunch of us like that, looking all over for 'a secret compartment.'

We've got to wait till those people go and lie low till we get 'em out of here."

"Well," Roger said, "what gets me is where there is a secret compartment—or whether or not it's here now! The house has been done over. A secret compartment might be a panel that'd been sealed up! Who's going to get at it unless some baby comes and knocks into it the way that little boy upstairs did? We never knew about that hiding-place in the bedpost! Mom told me the posts were turned *solid*. Dad couldn't have known about it!"

"Well, maybe it was luck you took into the house

By PATTEN BEARD

Author of "Tucked In Tales," "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft," "The Complete Playcraft Book," etc.



when you let that baby in," grinned Shorty.

"You couldn't 've let him stay out in that storm," retorted Roger. "Nobody that had a home would do *that*!"

"I can't think where there'd be any secret compartments," Shorty said. "We can't hunt any more now. Come on to bed. Wait till *they* go!"

"Pshaw! Let's think! I'm not sleepy!" Roger exclaimed. "Say, Shorty, how about that old secretary down cellar?"

"You said your Dad had been all through it."

"Well, he didn't know about the jewel-hiding-place in the bedpost—"

Shorty thought.

"We'd better look now," Roger urged. "Everybody's asleep! They might hang around to-morrow or maybe be snooping around. Besides that, the man down in Palen might come to get that old junk Dad sold him. It'd have to go—" He found a flash light. "Lucky I didn't remember this when that man asked for the lantern," he said. "I'd have given it to him to use." They went carefully down cellar. Buster was shut out-of-doors.

"Funny—the secret places they used to have to put things," Shorty mused.

"They had to—didn't have safes! Hope we find that compartment."

"Gee! Hope we do."

The two stood before the old secretary. It was dark in the cellar. Outside, it seemed as if the storm had abated, but it certainly was queer down cellar, at that time of night—and

hunting for a mysterious something called a secret compartment!

"I didn't see anything when I looked at it," explained Shorty.

"Well, I could look all day—I don't see anything," Roger nodded.

"Let's take out the drawers and look behind 'em." They removed the drawers. Nothing there.

Carefully, Roger felt all over inside the desk. "N. G!" he exclaimed, bringing out his hand dirty with the thick dust of many years' storage in the shed.

Below the top that let down was a closet for odds

and ends. "I looked there, too," said Shorty. "Nothing doing there."

Roger felt it over. Shorty seemed right.

The two sat down upon an inverted wooden box and looked at the secretary. "It looks as if it might have a secret place," Roger said, thoughtfully.

"Dad told me Grandfather Hudson once used this desk. Funny! Do you suppose we could get that rubbish out of the way and look at it from the side? There might be some concealed compartment at the side."

"Can you tell by rapping the wood?" asked Shorty.

But they could not tell, though they rapped many places and poked many others.

"Press down here."

"It's no good!"

"Sometimes, you pull'em out, I think!"

The two pulled at the old desk where it seemed to offer anything to pull.

"Nothing doing!"

"Come on up to bed!"

"No, Sir! You run along! I'm seeing this through," Roger declared. "I haven't finished with it yet. I'm going to feel all over it, and go all over every *inch* of it!" He ran his thumb under the front opening where there was simply no suggestion of anything at all but a narrow panel that seemed the base of the desk. "I'll bet there's something here," he cried. "Look! It might be, Shorty!"

"It might."

There was no way to pull. There might be a hidden spring somewhere. The panel was about ten inches high. It took in the entire baseboard around the desk. It might be only that.

Suddenly, under Roger's finger—*something moved!* The two boys started back in astonishment. Before them, there had opened out a real secret compartment! The panel had let down!

Roger grasped the flash and bent over it. "Gee Whittaker!" he ejaculated. "Gee Whittaker! Did you ever?"

There, in the compartment, stood a large black box about eighteen inches long. Upon the top,

a long envelope had been placed. There was nothing else there!

Roger drew out the box and the envelope. The envelope was sealed. It was directed to Dad. The box had a small key. It was heavy—that box! *Might* be the very money-box they had hoped to

find! They turned the key and lifted the lid—there lay coins—strange coins—the box was full of them! It was the treasure! It was! It was!

"Say, wouldn't the gang be upset if they thought we'd gone and found it all alone?"

"Yea-a—but they wanted to go to sleep and we—we kept at it!"

"What'll they say when they know?"

"They'll wish they had stayed awake, I'll bet!"

The two sat gloating over the treasure.

"Queer-looking money," said Shorty. "What'll you do with it?"

"Don't know. If it really belongs to us, maybe we can buy back the home! I'd hate to lose this old place—I don't

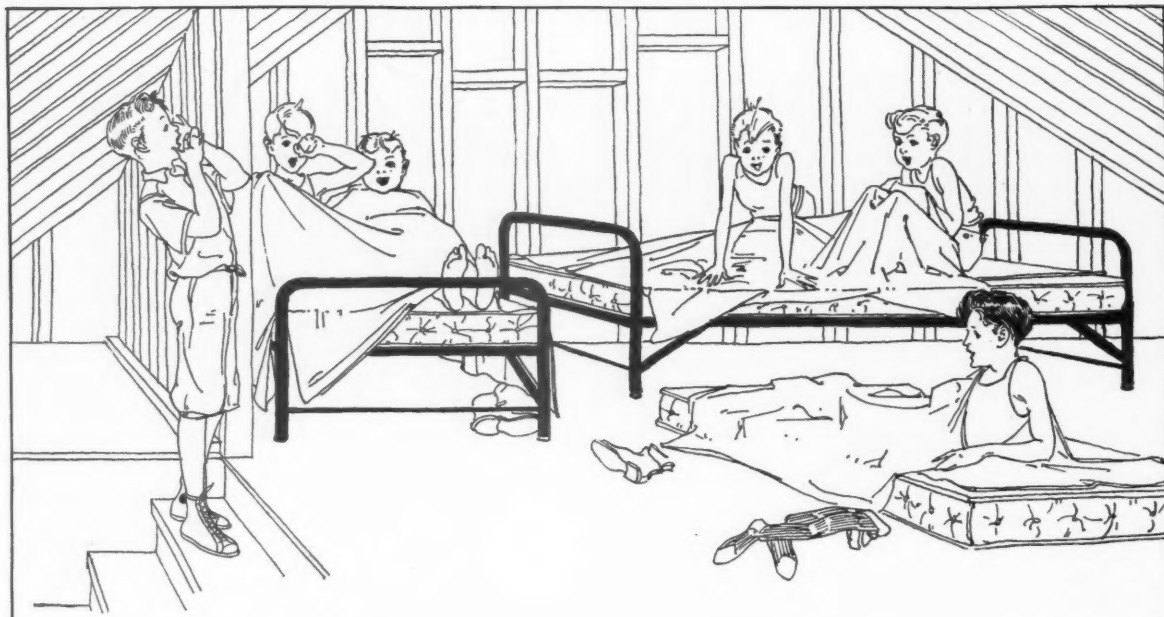
want to go off and leave you and the gang! No fun living in a city," sighed Roger. "This ought to belong to you and me—we found it!" Roger had been turning over in his hands the sealed envelope that was addressed to Dad. "I can't open it," he said. "That's Dad's business."

"Looks as if it might be a legal document," mused Shorty. "Do you suppose it could have been a will that your grandfather made later than that other?"

"Might be! You never can tell," mused Roger. "Gee! What's that? Buster's barking fit to kill! You don't suppose somebody else's gone an' got ditched?" He caught up the box and the envelope. He stopped short. "The safest place for these is right here," he decided. And he put them back and closed the panel. The two rushed upstairs. Now, surely, there was something coming up the driveway! It was a car. It honked! Buster barked wildly around it. It stopped.

Roger and Shorty peered into the night. The





storm had cleared. The moon was out. By its light—why—why—from the car who should get down but—Mom! Sure, Mom! Of all things at this time of night—Mom!

Roger rushed to the door shouting, "Mother! Mother!" He swung the door wide and ran into her arms. "Why! Why!" he cried. "How did you get back?"

She laughed. Uncle Ned came into the room. "She came back with me in my car," he laughed. "There was no train—and she wanted to get back right away after seeing the lawyer. You aren't going to feel bad about having to leave this place, are you, Roger? It's going to go to that man—that's all legal. The will stands."

"Say, say!" panted Roger in his excitement. "Mom! Listen! He's upstairs in my room—that man is—now!" He laughed wildly. "He got ditched with his car! I was looking after things and I ran out to see what was up—and he and his wife an' their baby came up here. Then, listen, Mom! Listen! That baby got a-hold of the big ball on top of my bedpost—the one at the top of the bed—I mean the head—see! It—it *unscrewed*. I heard it an' went up—and what did I find but a hiding-place under the knob and *this watch and this paper!*" He held them out, jumping about wildly, knowing nothing that he did.

Uncle Ned looked at them, astonished. "My father's writing, Anne," he said, turning to Mom. "He must have put that there in his illness. Mother left us shortly after. It was meant for her to find."

"But that's not all," gasped Shorty. "We found—the secret compartment—yes, we did—Roger and me—we found it! There's a box of money—and a queer envelope, too!"

"Mom! Mom! Come on down and see it,"

cried Roger. "Come along! Oh, I'm so glad you came home just now!"

"Oh, Roger, I couldn't wait to get back," declared Mother. "But I know you've taken care of everything splendidly—and, think, dear, of this! It's wonderful!"

They filed down to the old desk. Roger pressed the panel. It opened. He drew out the box and the envelope. Mother caught her breath!

Uncle Ned took the things. "His old box of coins!" he said. "And it looks like a will!" His face showed his astonishment as he slit the envelope. "A later will," he announced. "I always said there was one, Anne!"

"Oh, think of it!"

"He told me he had left the place to you and Dad," said Uncle Ned. "He told me Old Wheeler's son didn't deserve to have it when his father loved him and he went off as he did, leaving no word! He never wrote! Father said that he had decided to make a new will lest the son actually turn up. He said he'd thought things over—the son didn't deserve it when he'd acted as he had!"

"And the treasure?" asked Roger.

"Grandfather left it for Dad," said Uncle Ned. "We never found it, though we'd heard the story. The collection is very valuable. Old Mr. Wheeler loved your grandfather. He said he wanted the coins to be his. Now, they are Dad's but I think he'll want you to have them—you found them!"

It seemed too good to be true—home really theirs! And a treasure too!

Uncle Ned led the way upstairs. Finally, everybody was in bed! It was hard to go to sleep!

Roger woke with sun-up. He jumped softly out of bed. "Surprise Mom!" he said to himself. He splashed in the basin and hurried downstairs where the cat slept, curled up in Mom's red rocker. How

(Continued on page 308)



With so many little clothes to wash, what would extra help mean to mother?

Darlings, every one! But they make work for mother, just the same. And mother welcomes all the help she can get!

That's why thousands of mothers have been glad to get the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha for washing little dresses and rompers and diapers.

When they see the ground-in dirt let go so easily, so quickly, and safely—then mothers realize what this *extra* help really means to them! What a saving of needed strength it brings;

for washing with Fels-Naptha requires less effort. That's because Fels-Naptha is more than soap.

Exceptionally good soap and naptha in quantity to loosen dirt readily, are combined in Fels-Naptha. They work together! With these two safe, thorough cleaners helping each other, Fels-Naptha gives *extra* washing help mothers would scarcely think possible with any other soap in any form.

Who can measure the value of this *extra* washing help? It

means far more to mother each week than the money she might save buying "just soap."

Any mother who gets a Golden Bar from her grocer gets the immediate benefit of this *extra* help! How can she afford to be without it in the home!



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FELS-NAPTHA
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



RIGHT-ABOUT RHYMES

by Rebecca McCann



LITTLE JOE TUNNEY

THERE was a little boy
And his name was Joe Tunney.
He had but one failing:
He tried to be funny.

He made himself noticed
In all public places
By making loud noises
And terrible faces.

One day at the circus
He wouldn't sit down.
He stood up and tried
To perform like a clown.

The clown said, "All right,
If you must jump and sing,
Come out with the show
And perform in the ring."

So out ran young Joe,
Acting foolish and wild,
And everyone watched him
But nobody smiled.

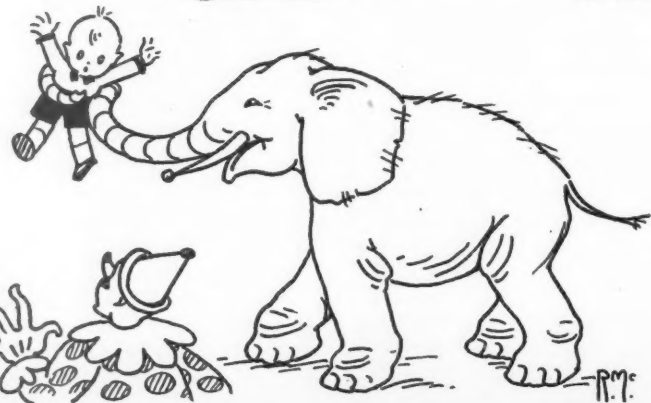
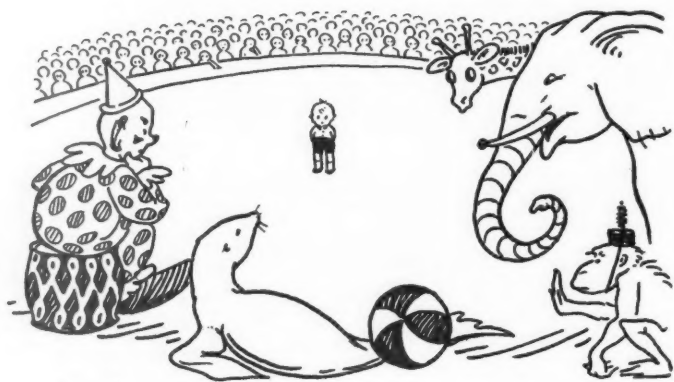
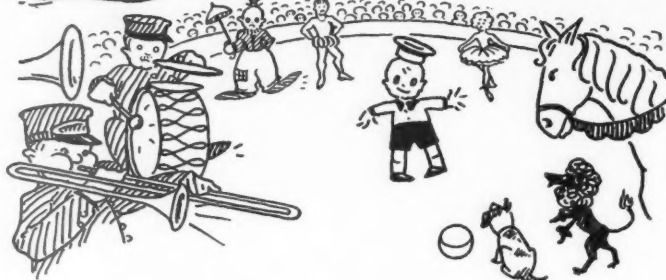
The actors all watched him,
The band loudly blared.
In dignified silence
The animals stared.

Thought poor little Joe,
Standing lonely and small,
"Oh, what shall I do?
I'm not funny at all!"

Then the elephant spoke
In the elephant tongue,
"I'll help that boy out—
After all, he's so young."

And he lifted Joe up
With his trunk in the air
And with one mighty sweep
Put him back in his chair.

The people all clapped
And the clowns cheered for Joe,
And he kept very still
For the rest of the show.





How KING ALFRED'S Time-Candle Saved England.

*An Enthralling Story That Every
Mother Should Read to Her Children*

The invading fleet had arrived . . . The Danes were besieging England.

And Alfred the Great was preparing to thrust them back.

"At two hours after midnight we strike", he commanded and went off to his chapel to pray . . . while his chiefs dashed forth to the banquet hall to await the call of battle.

Hours passed. Slowly the Time-Candles were burning down to the zero hour . . . But still the merry-making chiefs paid no heed.

But Alfred was alert. Warned by the Time-Candle that burned beside him as he knelt and prayed, he suddenly rose and strode into the hall at the decisive moment.

"To arms!" the deep, firm voice rang out.

"To arms!" echoed the abashed chieftains, scrambling to their feet. And after their beloved leader they flung themselves into the startled night, sweeping all resistance before their exultant battle cry—

"Alfred! Alfred!—and victory!"

The story of Alfred's famous Time-Candle is just one of the 27 fascinating episodes which Roy Rutherford Bailey narrates for you and your children in his "Romance and History of Time."

May we send you with our compliments
—the 27 fascinating tales that sketch
the story of time through the ages

THE CAVEMAN'S WATCH was a damp grass rope, knotted at regular intervals and set afire. Each knot burned away marked an hour. Today, you have the elegant, ultra-thin watch that marks each second. What an amazing story of human struggle and achievement lies between these two extremes. What a beautiful story of undying love, unflinching courage, and fidelity to the highest ideals.

That is the story which Roy Rutherford Bailey so graphically unfolds. Here, in two full-size volumes, are 27 of the most enthralling episodes imaginable . . . lavishly illustrated with beautiful full-page color reproductions of famous paintings.

If these sets were printed in a limited edition like other fine books, they would command a fancy price.

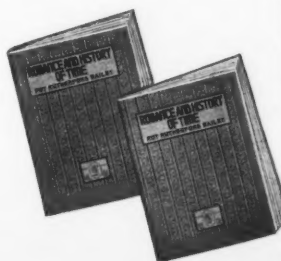
But we printed a large quantity, and thus brought down the cost to retail at about fifty cents a set.

Yet even this extremely low price you need not pay. For, if you will send us the name of your jeweler—we will, in return for your cooperation, present you with a complete set of those absorbing volumes . . . for only 10c.

Just fill in and mail the coupon below, together with only 10c (coin or stamps). We will then send you a written order which, when taken to your jeweler will be redeemed by him for the two-volume set of Bailey's "Romance and History of Time."

For the sake of your children and for your own whole-hearted enjoyment, mail the coupon today.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY
Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A.



ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Illinois, U. S. A.

I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for the complete two-volume set of Bailey's "Romance and History of Time." I agree to call for the books at the store of

Mention Name and Address of Your Jeweler

Your Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

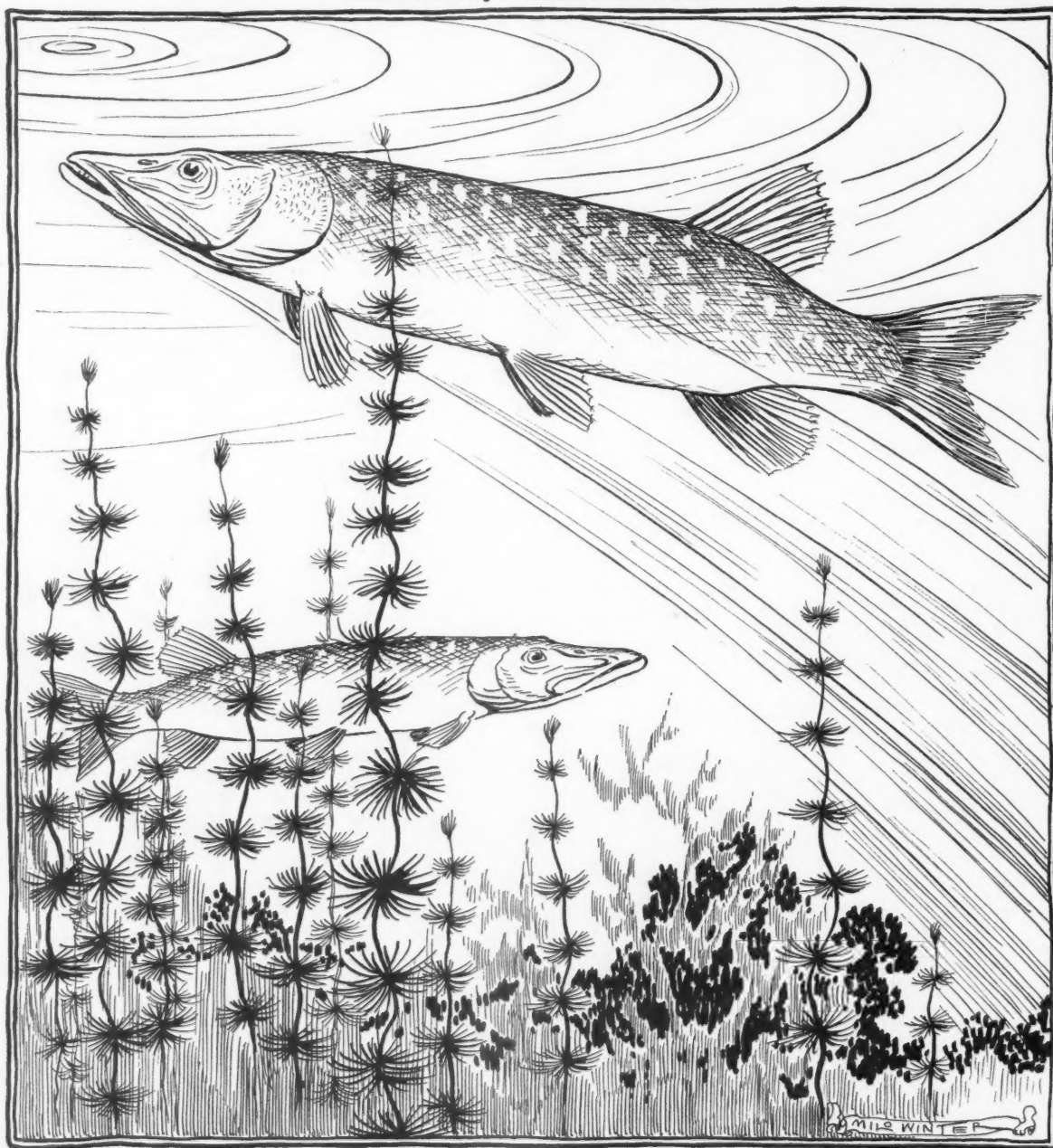
Simply Mail
This Coupon Now





WHO'S WHO *in the* ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT

Dear Children: Read about me on page 294, then tell my name and color me in my really truly colors. Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before May 12. Be sure to send your name and

age and address with the page you color. The two best pages and answers by a girl win a prize, and so do the two best pages and answers by a boy. The names of the boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.



Add-a-pearls for Her Birthday

(Genuine Oriental Pearls)

THE merry month of May is here! It brings with it the beautiful flowers of spring, golden sunshine and happy smiles. But best of all, it brings birthdays to many little girls.

To make your little girl's birthday the happiest one she has ever had give her an *Add-a-pearl* necklace (genuine orien-

tal pearls) or pearls to add if she already owns one.

To Father and Mother

Start an *Add-a-pearl* Necklace for your little girl this year. No other gift for her Birthday, or any gift occasion, will give as much pleasure. Make your little girl happy with an *Add-a-pearl* Necklace—the gift that lives and grows.

Ask Your Jeweler

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY
CHICAGO

"The Gift that Lives and Grows"



You expect great things of him

Is he getting every chance?
Even a little thing like this counts much

What a long hard stretch he has ahead of him—that boy of yours! Years of study, of growing that will require every bit of mental and physical energy he has.

He needs all the help you can give him. Not only in big obvious ways but also in little things, often overlooked.

For instance, school authorities are pointing out to mothers today one of these important little things.

It is the school day breakfast. They have proved in country wide tests that the kind of breakfast your child eats has a sure effect on the way he grows and learns.

This is now taught in every school health program. As the Breakfast Rule it is displayed on 42,000 school room walls:

*"Every boy and girl needs
a hot cereal breakfast"*

Only a *hot* cereal breakfast provides the mental and physical energy your growing children need for the strain of school.

It is easy enough to understand why nutrition authorities advise a Cream of Wheat Breakfast as the best preparation for a good morning's work.

First, a generous dish of Cream of Wheat is just full of energy substance—the mental and physical energy your child must have. Second, it is in such a simple form, so easy to digest that he gets all the energy it contains. And children always love its rich creaminess!

Remember that even such a little thing as the cereal you give your children counts much in their development. Tomorrow morning give them the one children's specialists have recommended for 30 years. Cream of Wheat! Your grocer has it.

To mothers and teachers



This boy can knock it out of the lot. One reason is that every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast—Cream of Wheat.

Do you want to get the enthusiastic interest of your children in forming the hot cereal breakfast habit? If so, send for attractive colored poster to hang in your child's room. Posters are designed to make a "personal success" appeal both to boys and to girls of different ages. There is a 4-weeks' record form which the child keeps himself by pasting in a gold star every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast. We will send posters and gold stars free, also booklet on children's diet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat to mothers. Quantities for school room use free to teachers. Mail coupon to Dept. R-5, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name

Address

Girl? ☐ Boy? ☐ Age?

If teacher, number? © 1927, C. of W. Co.

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XXXVIII

By RUTH BRADFORD

A RIVER wolf, that's what some people call me. But that's just because I'm such a hearty eater. My, but I have an appetite! I'm very fond of fish, of course, but I often eat such creatures as mice, baby ducks and frogs for dessert.

To go fishing, I simply hide among weeds in some quiet, clear river (you'll find *Esox Lucius*—fish like me—in rivers almost all over the world.) When I see the dinner course I want next go swimming by, I shoot up quickly and bring it back with me.

I am a slender, long-snouted fresh water fish (don't mix me up with my smaller cousin the pickerel, who is sometimes called by my name) and I am such a game fish that I am appreciated by sportsmen, even though nowadays American fishermen don't care *much* for me. You see they don't like the taste of my flesh, and they think I scare away other fish that they'd rather eat.

In the good old days, though, one of my ancestors sometimes sold for twice the price of a lamb. And noblemen put brass rings in these fishes' noses when they were very young and kept them in their private fish ponds. The dates on these rings showed that some of my ancestors were still in the swim when they were one hundred and sixty-two and two hundred and sixty-seven years old.



EVERYONE likes a good meat dish. So this lesson is going to make our Child Life cooks very popular in the family—you just see! You will want to learn to cook this lesson especially well for two reasons—number one, because you and your family will enjoy it so much from the first taste

to the last, and you will know that your work gave pleasure to the people you love most. Reason number two—but there now! We don't intend to tell the other reason right now. We mean to wait till the very end of the lesson and give you a chance to guess it yourself. So wait and guess—don't peek!

We shall begin our lesson at the butcher shop because we want to make sure we have exactly the right materials. If your mother usually telephones for the meat order and her butcher knows the kind of meat she wants, perhaps Mother will prefer that you, too, telephone this order.

In that case, be sure to tell the butcher just what you intend to use the meat for and give the instructions we shall tell you in a minute. But if you have no regular butcher, or if Mother usually goes in person to buy the meats, then you, too, should go, either with her or by yourself, as she thinks best.

This recipe is the right amount for a family of four or five. If your household is smaller, make this sized loaf anyway, and plan to serve it for two meals; if larger, use proportionately more than the recipe calls for.

MEAT LOAF

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectives," etc.

Buy 1 and $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of lean beef cut from the neck or shoulder and $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of fresh pork.

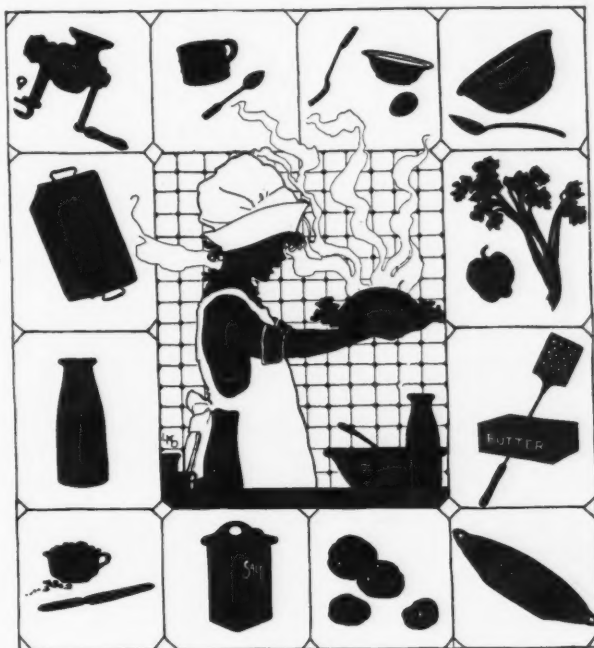
Ask the butcher to please put these two materials, together, twice through his meat grinder. Remember there are two points—putting the pork and beef *together* and grinding them

twice. Both are very important. If he puts the meat thus ground into a little wooden or paper dish for delivery, that is quite all right; but the minute it arrives at home, take it from this dish and scrape it every bit into a glass or porcelain bowl. The delivery dish will absorb some of the delicious juices of the meat and make your finished loaf less attractive in taste.

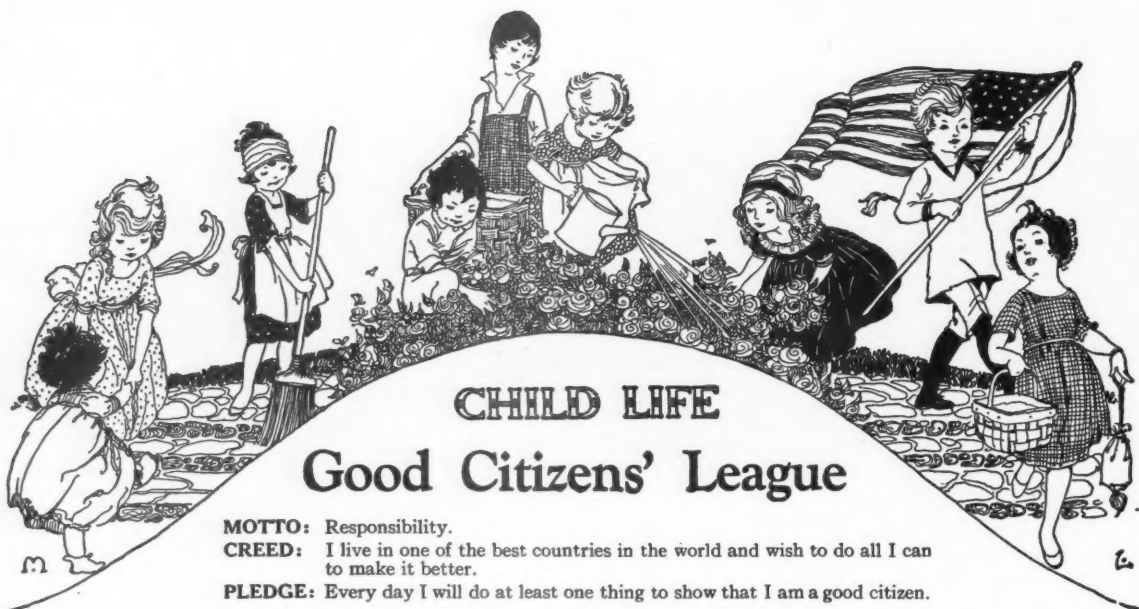
Before you go marketing, see that you have an egg, a green pepper, a bit of celery (this is not essential but is very tasty), a cupful of milk and of cracker or bread crumbs.

The meat loaf can be made some time ahead of baking (if you like) and put in the ice box to wait till baking time. Or it can be made at the last minute. In either case, allow 30 to 40 minutes for the first making as the whole process will be new to you. Later you may learn to do it more quickly—you see, we are supposing that you will want to make meat loaf many times!

As meat loaf is best mixed with the finger tips, hands should be most carefully scrubbed and nails neatly manicured before work begins. The habit



(Continued on page 307)



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Bird Month

The members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League met after school the afternoon of May fourth to celebrate "Bird Day." This was the birthday of John James Audubon, who, Miss Bradley, their counselor, told them, had been called "the knight of birddom" and who had spent many years and exposed himself to many dangers to study birds and their habits.

"Just think!" said David. "He made over a thousand life-sized paintings of birds, and when the collection was destroyed by rats, he did more than a thousand new paintings, spending four and a half years on the work."

"A man who had that much pluck ought to have his birthday celebrated," Elizabeth declared.

"Then how would you like to just keep on observing his birthday?" Miss Bradley asked. "Instead of 'Bird Day,' why not have 'Bird Month'?"

Perhaps the birds did not realize why they were the object of so much attention from then on, but they benefited from that attention none the less. In the first place, the members planted shrubs and trees to attract the birds to their homes. Of course, it would be several years before the little feathered creatures would begin to reap the benefits of these; but the bird houses which suddenly appeared in the yards of the league members and their friends were put to immediate use.

Then, too, the members placed wire guards around the trees to keep the cats from molesting nests, and they provided shallow pans of water for the birds to drink from and threw out seeds and crumbs for them to eat.

At every meeting during May, each member had a story to tell the others about birds—something new which he had seen or read.

Of course, they knew that the birds are the friends of the farmer, that they protect the crops and the trees by eating insects; but they did not know, until Bill told them, that one chickadee alone in one day will destroy over five thousand eggs of the canker-worm moth. They held their meetings in a little grove, and with Miss Bradley's help they learned to identify many of the birds by their calls and by their plumage. Because it was the nesting time of year they could not go near enough to study them first-hand, but they hunted up pictures of different kinds of nests and they learned many other things about the habits of their feathered friends.

But the members of the Brocton league did not find it enough to *study* the birds—they wanted to protect them and they wanted others to protect them. That was why they signed this pledge and asked their friends to sign it.

I promise to be a friend to the birds, to feed them and to protect them in every way I can.

League Membership

Any boy or girl, who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address,

(Continued on page 320)

Message from WILSON L. GILL

Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League

THE organizer of a School Republic may make a brief address to the children in some such words as the following:

Our country seems to us to be the best there is in the world, and we love it. The people in some other lands think the same way of their countries, but our first business is with our own country, which needs that every one of us should be a loyal and efficient citizen.

We may not be as loyal and cannot be as efficient as we ought to be, unless we train ourselves specifically and practically for this purpose. Without such training, we are liable to drift into one or the other of two classes of citizens who are a menace to our constitutional government. The first class is of educated men who refuse to vote in primaries and local elections, and the other class of voters who leave the schools before they are taught American history or institutions, and who vote under various kinds of wrong inducements. The results of the unintentional or ignorant apathy and corruption of these two classes in voting are a serious menace to our constitutional form of government, and we ought to do all in our power to combat these evils.

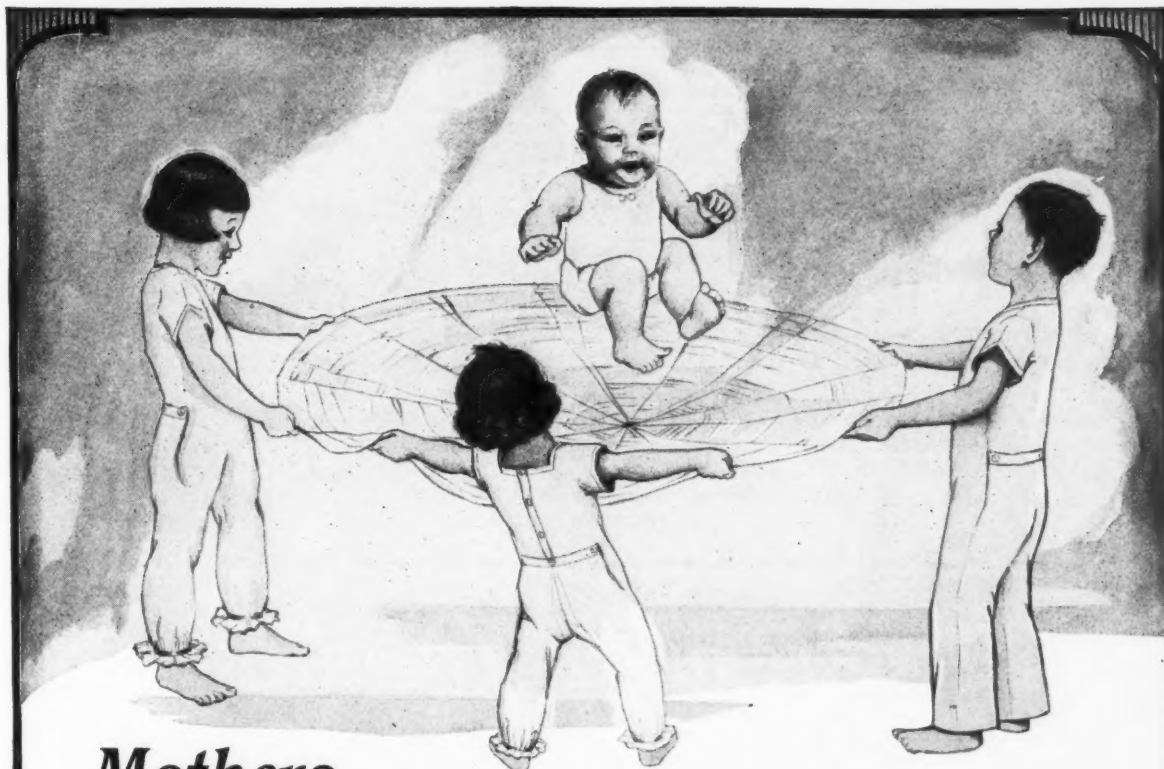
There is only one way by which these dangers can be avoided and that is by training all of those who are to be citizens to form the habit of voting intelligently and loyally in every election. This can be done by the right kind of civic training in the schools.

Every person who is a citizen at all is a citizen of our national government, of a state government and of the local government. To give reasonable training in each of these branches of citizenship a school is organized as a national government, each room as a city or other local government, and a group of local governments, of children about the same age, is organized as a school state.

That elections may be frequent enough to enable the young citizens to form the habit of voting, school national elections are held as frequently as two, three or four times in the school year; of school states at least three or four times, and of school cities or towns every month.

We have found that there is a fundamental principle of democratic citizenship, and that this is the spirit of loyal friendship. The way to express the principle or spirit of friendship is by persistently observing the Golden Rule in all the affairs of life, at home, in school, in play and business, everywhere and in all things.

But if the birds benefited, so did the boys and girls. Not only did they spend long hours observing their little tree-top friends, but they cut out pictures of birds and mounted them and they looked up interesting bird books at the public library.



Mothers— Your Children Will Sleep Better—

For warm summer nights, Minneapolis "M" Sleeping Garments offer the utmost comfort. Made of cool, light weight fabrics—your choice of white pajama check or novelty crinkle cloth with pretty nursery designs in colors. Like all Minneapolis "M" garments, they are full size, carefully tailored and neatly finished. Mannish style for the boy—daintier style for the girl.

M GARMENTS

The Perfect Underwear for Children

meet all the underwear needs of babies and children from birth to sixteen.

INFANTS' SHIRTS, fold over or button
Infant's Bands, Binders, Panty Waists,
Plain Union Suits, Waist Union Suits
—in all desired fabrics at popular prices

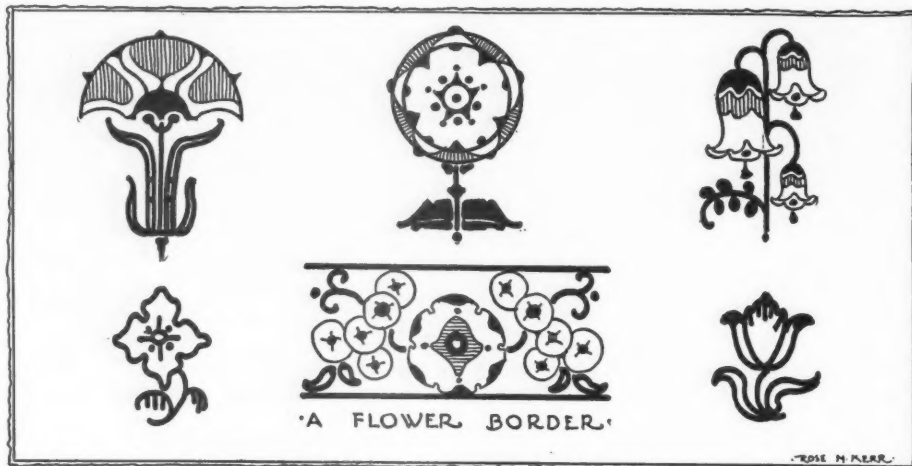
Rayon vests, bloomers, combinations

Children outgrow them, but do not wear them out

Spring and summer styles are now being shown at your Dry Goods Store. Ask for Minneapolis "M" Garments in the style you want. The "M" trademark is your assurance of satisfaction in quality, comfort and economy.

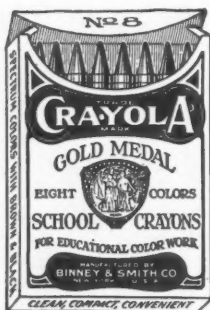
Minneapolis Knitting Works
Minneapolis, Minn.





A Lesson in Flower Patterns

FLOWERS! How we all love them! What pretty patterns their lovely shapes and colors help us to make! The picture shows some, suggested by Spring flowers. You can copy these, or design your own.

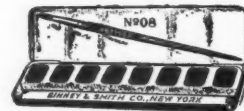


"CRAYOLA" Crayons
Eight Colors—10c

First draw the outlines with "CRAYOLA" Crayons. Black outlines will make your flowers stand out strongly. Then fill in the color with "CRAYOLA," in straight, even strokes, or with "ARTISTA" Water Colors. Light colors, such as pink, yellow or blue, make dainty flowers.

The next time you give a party, draw a different flower pattern on each invitation or place card—they will please your little friends.

"CRAYOLA" and "ARTISTA" give the clearest, brightest colors—that is why children prefer them. You can buy them at the stationery or drug store.



"ARTISTA" Water Colors;
8 Colors in enameled
tin box—50c

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
41 East 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

STAR STUDY

By MRS. THERON COLTON

THE earth goes on a long journey every year. It travels in a big circle around the sun, and it takes just three hundred and sixty-five days to make the trip.

While the earth is traveling along, it is also spinning around like a top. It takes a whole day, twenty-four hours, to spin around once.

Now, because the earth is traveling around the sun, we see different stars at different seasons of the year. In the wintertime the earth is on one side of the sun and we see the stars we call winter

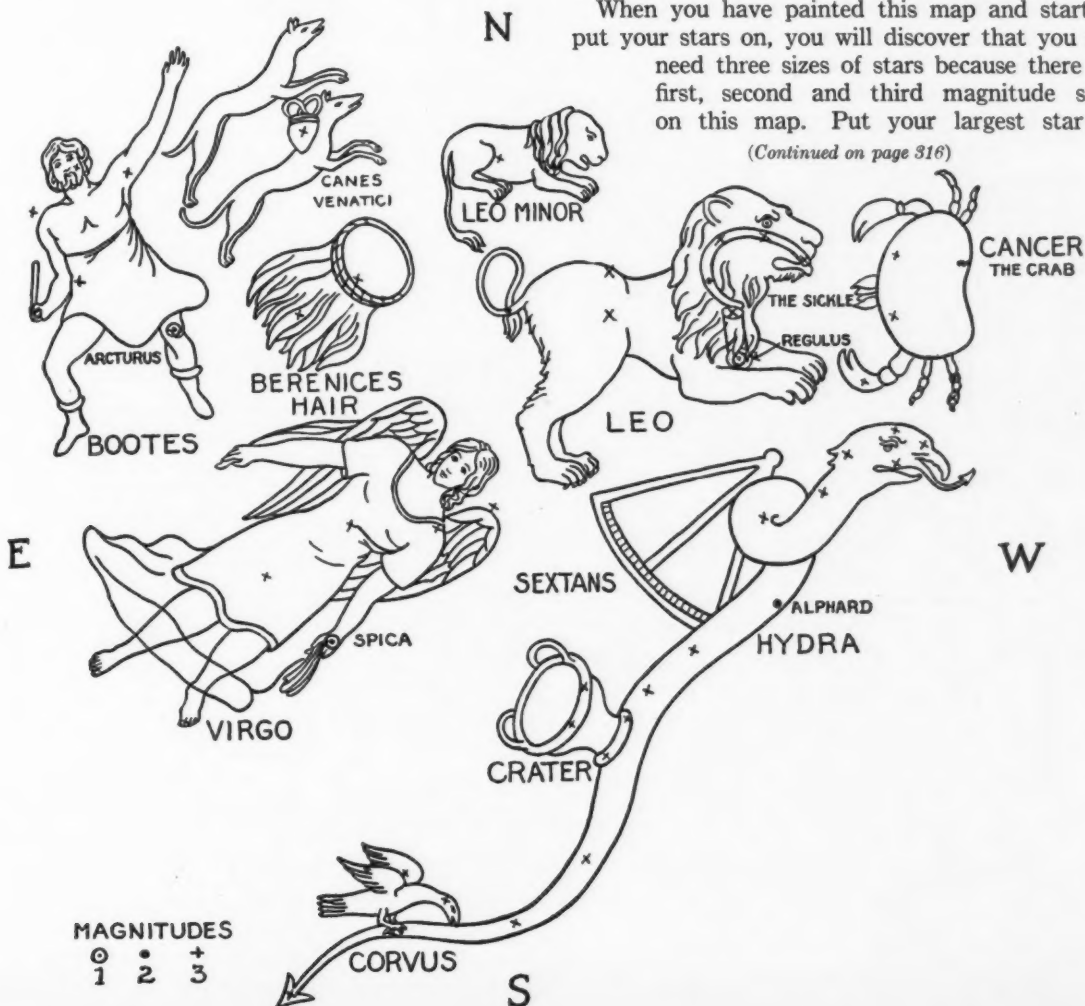
stars, and in the summer time the earth is on the other side of the sun and we see the stars that we call summer stars.

And because the earth is spinning around from west to east, it makes the sun and the stars seem to rise in the east and set in the west. For the stars do seem to rise and set at night, just as the sun seems to do in the daytime.

Now, of course, the sun and stars do not change their positions in the sky; they only seem to change because the earth is turning. It is as if we were on a train and the stars were the changing scenery.

When you have painted this map and start to put your stars on, you will discover that you will need three sizes of stars because there are first, second and third magnitude stars on this map. Put your largest star on

(Continued on page 316)



STARS SEEN AFTER THE WINTER STARS AND BEFORE THE SUMMER STARS



HEALTH-CHARACTER-FUN-FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



CAMP NEECARNIS

ON beautiful Big Star Lake, Michigan. Pine groves, high well drained site, invigorating air, no pests. College trained counsellors, nurse. All desirable land and water sports, horses, crafts, modern buildings and equipment, highest references. Carefully selected limited membership, ages 8 to 18. Season June 30 to August 25th.

Write for illustrated catalog

MISS EDITH C. HOLT

39 Fitch Place S. E. Grand Rapids, Mich.



CRAFTS

Most interesting booklet on Reed, Raffia, Aurora Cone, Plastercraft, weaving, Hook Rug Making, Painting, Decorating. Do not fail to send for our CREATIVE HANDICRAFT BOOKLET. It will be of distinct help to you this summer. Price 15 cents.

AMERICAN REEDCRAFT CORP.
130-32 Rockman St., Dept. C.
New York, N. Y.



HOUSE OF THREE BEARS

Boys and girls 1 to 9

Tomahawk Lake, Wisconsin

Beautiful play life. 1700 feet above sea level. 30 acres of land, sand beach, log cabin homes, modern sanitation. Counselor for every four children. Directors graduates of National Kindergarten and Elementary College. Catalog upon request. MRS. CHARLES LLOYD
2026 Colfax St. Evanston, Illinois

CAMP FENIMORE

For BOYS

On Beautiful LAKE OTSEGO,

Cooperstown, N. Y.

A small exclusive riding camp for a limited number of desirable boys, 6 to 12, from cultured, Christian homes. All camp activities, carefully adapted to the age of the boy. French conversation. Write for book of pictures. Mrs. Clifford A. Braider, 114 E. 22nd St., N. Y. Also Companion Camp for Girls



Camp Bryn Afon

Land o' Lakes, Roosevelt, Wis.

Private Lake. All land and water sports. Trails for Horseback Riding. Craft Studio. Screened Sleeping Bungalows with hardwood floors. Tenth Season. Girls 7 to 20. Staff of 30 College Women. Booklet. Letts I. Broadbridge, The Palms, 1810 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



TOSEBO CAMP

for boys, 16th year. Portage Lake, Michigan. Ages 6 to 15. Excellent table. Hourly oversight. Safe swimming, "Sea Scouts," Boat Building, All sports. Expert coaches. References required. CATALOG. Address Noble Hill, Box L, TODD SCHOOL, WOODSTOCK, ILL.



CATHEDRAL PINES

A camp planned for creative restfulness through work and play intelligently directed to fit our girls for another winter of school and social activity. Booklet sent on request

Mrs. Henry Payson Dowst
Winthrop, Maine

CAMP TON-KA-WA ("Stick Together")

on Lake Chautauque, N. Y.

Limited to 75 boys, ages 6 to 18. 1500-ft. elevation. For Junior and Senior Boys. Splendidly equipped. Water sports, land sports, riding, fishing, boating, hiking, handicraft. High moral influence. Personal supervision Director and Mrs. Nyenhuis. Write for illustrated Booklet.

J. H. NYENHUIS, Box 3606, Williamsville, N. Y.

KAMP KAIRPHREE

For Girls

Sixth Season. Northeastern Michigan by Lake Huron. Canoeing, Swimming, Tennis, Horseback Riding, Crafts, Nature Study, etc. Limited to Fifty. Close personal contact between every girl and the director. Fees moderate. Booklet on request. Staff complete.

MRS. GEORGE R. SWAIN,
713 E. University Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

CAMP OSOHA

TROUT LAKE, WIS.

An exceptional camp for girls. Junior cabin for girls 8 to 12 years. Horseback riding, swimming, diving, canoeing, tennis, overnight gypsy trips, golf, hiking, dramatics, and dancing. Individual attention, screened cabins. References required. Booklet. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Snaddon, Directors, Richland Center, Wisconsin.

THORPE for BOYS



CAMP—fosters CHARACTER BUILDING and gives a glorious summer to boys 6 to 18 years. On Pelican Lake, Wis. Convenient by train or auto. Bungalows, safe sand beach, water sports, ponies, fishing. Manual training—Building Boats, Radio, etc. Unusual care. "The Camp of Happiness."

For CATALOG of the CAMP or Thorpe Academy apply:

625 Sheridan Road, LAKE FOREST, ILL.

Telephone: Lake Forest 671

CAMP BAY STATE TILTON

For Boys 9-18

Trips to all points of interest in the White Mts., and Lakes in N. H. featured. Sports. Woodcraft Circle. Ride Range. Nature-Study. Every boy learns to swim. 8 weeks. Write for booklet.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. BALLAM
28 Peirce Street Arlington Hts., Mass.



Orchard Hill Camp for Children

ON THE BEAUTIFUL FOX RIVER, FORTY MILES WEST OF CHICAGO

A UNIQUE camp planned exclusively for the younger children. Limited enrollment. Girls three to fourteen, boys three to ten.

Illustrated booklet of information sent on request
Address: DR. EDITH B. LOWRY, Director

ORCHARD HILL CAMP FOR CHILDREN,

St. Charles, Ill.

CAMPS AND SCHOOLS



CAMP ARBUTUS

For Girls 11-20 Years

Located on Lake Arbutus in Traverse Bay region. Water sports, camp craft, nature study, crafts, photography, land sports, all under careful supervision. Resident physician. Booklet on request.

EDITH A. STEERE
Lock Box 147, Adrian, Michigan

CAMP ELLENOR

FOR GIRLS

Season 8 weeks
All Camp activities
Graduate Counsellors

\$150.00

Write for particulars
ELLA FOX, Director
5655 South Peoria Street Chicago, Illinois

WE have investigated the schools and camps listed in these pages and highly recommend them to CHILD LIFE readers. If any further information is desired, the coupon below will bring helpful suggestions. There is no charge for this service.

Camp Minne-Wonka FOR BOYS

Three Lakes, Wis.

Midgets, 9 to 11, separate from main camp. Juniors 12 to 14; Seniors, 15 to 17. Completely equipped; specialists for camp-craft; physician and nurse on grounds.

Complete information on request

Dr. F. H. EWERHARDT
Barnes Hospital St. Louis, Missouri



WINNIDAY The Camp of Happy Days for Children



Located at Southampton, Long Island, on a fresh-water lake near the sea. Fresh and salt water bathing. Canoeing, Riding, Athletics, Handicraft, Montessori School for the Young, Tutoring, Nutrition Expert, Resident Nurse.

An ideal summer home for children. Resident and day members. Send for booklet.
Miss Adeline M. Tippie N. Y. C. Telephone
Southampton, Long Island Dry Dock 0186

CAMP ALGONQUIN

Asquam Lake, Holderness, N. H.

A CAMP for red-blooded boys of character and purpose, who want that training which will enable them to excel in school work and in athletics. The usual outdoor sports and nature study. 42nd year. Address:

EDWIN DeMERITTE, A. B.
1494 Raleigh Ave. Norfolk, Va.

KUM-AGEN KAMP

A Camp for Girls. Juniper Beach, Mears, Mich.

A summer Camp among the pines and junipers of Northern Michigan, is limited to fifty girls 8 to 16 years of age. There are excellent facilities for Water Sports and Athletics, Tennis, Horse, Fishing, Mother and Daughter Week and hiking trips and many other interesting features. Illustrated Booklet sent upon request. Address, Luthera Seymour, 5745 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill., Phone Midway 7678.

CAMP IDYLE WYLD Three Lakes Wisconsin

The Camp for Younger Girls. (7-16). Limited to fifty. All regular camp activities including horseback riding, aquaplaning, long camping trips, dancing, etc. Most careful supervision and instruction in all water activities. Physician, graduate nurse and college graduate counsellors form camp staff. Members of Camp Directors Association. Highly approved by Chicago Board of Health survey. Fee, \$3.50. Booklet sent upon request (please include age and school year of applicant.) Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Bishop, Directors Three Lakes, Wis.



FAIRWOOD CAMP for BOYS 9TH SEASON

Is located on Torch Lake, Michigan, near Charlevoix, in the famous Traverse Bay region. Camp Fairwood accepts recommended boys 8 to 16 years of age. Younger boys given individual care in special quarters. Resident physician supervises recreation and health.

Food and sanitation unexcelled.

Illustrated booklet free on request

Address:
Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Eder, 5621 Belmont Ave., Cincinnati

DAILY Riding is only one of the many nice things about Stone Hill Camp For Girls which is located High and North in Wisconsin. We'd like to have you have our catalogue. May we send it to you?



STONE HILL CAMP
For Girls
1922 Stevens Building, Chicago

Esdon Hall Camp in MAINE

For children of retarded development.

Catalog from
MISS AGNES H. LAWRENCE
Chestnut Hill Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHOOLS

MRS. BURT'S SCHOOL For Tiny Tots (1 to 12 years)



SPECIALIZED care for young children. Wide shaded lawns, swings, see-saws, sandpiles, etc. Supervised outdoor play among happy little companions. Sound education, music, dancing, thorough training. Experienced physician and nurse.

MRS. M. L. BURT
1120 Constant Avenue
Peekskill, New York
Telephone: Peekskill, 1139

CHIMNEY CORNER ORANGE, MASS.

Junior Engineers, 9 to 12. For the boy who loves to dream and long to build. 1927 projects: a pasture railroad, dam, and cantilever bridge. \$200 pays all costs, including transportation from 150 mile radius; several excursions. Information from Thomas D. Phillips, 3923 Carolin Street, Long Island City, N. Y., or Josephine Frye Phillips, Orange, Mass.

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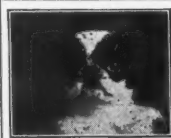
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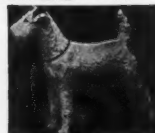
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Conducted by LOUISE S. HUBBARD

IT'S awfully interesting to plant seeds, and to watch them grow!

There are some seeds like nasturtiums and hollyhocks that are big enough to plant one by one, and that's easy for the gardener, because you can put each seed just exactly where you want the plant to grow. But most seeds are very small, some so small they are like powder, and with such seeds it is almost impossible to sow them far enough apart. One very good way to sow such fine seeds is to mix the whole packet of seeds with a good handful of very fine, very dry earth, or sand, and after stirring the mixture many times with a fork, sow it just as carefully and thinly as though the whole mixture were seeds. In that way you will get the seeds far enough apart so that each tiny sprouting plant can grow at least its second pair of leaves and you can see how they are growing and can thin them out so each plant stands the proper distance from its neighbor.

Sow fine seeds in a very shallow trench in the garden, and then take a handful of fine, dry soil and sift over them. That is quite enough covering for you to put on, for the seeds will slip down between the particles of dirt as soon as they are watered.

The fine seeds only like to be covered with dirt that is as fine as they are, and very little of that; so if you are planting seeds as small as dust, they only want a powdering of dust over them.

Large seeds like to be covered more deeply. It's safe, if the dirt is fine, to cover hollyhock and balsam seeds a good inch, and nasturtiums can be covered as deep as three or four inches.

And when seeds sprout, it's so exciting! First, the earth cracks and we see a little, fine, white stem, like wire, and up pop two leaves often held together at the end by the empty seed out of which they

sprung. When these two first leaves open out flat, from the center spring more leaves; and lo and behold, we have a sturdy little plant that will soon be ready to bloom!

Some of the nicest plants to watch grow are nasturtiums, because they grow so fast and bloom about two months after they are sown, and hollyhocks, that sprout and grow very fast, but do not bloom until they are much older. In fact, most hollyhocks don't bloom until they are a year and a quarter old, but they are well worth waiting for because all the time we are waiting the little plants are growing so big and sturdy, and it will be such fun to find the plants next spring, starting to grow so fast and sending up their tall stalks of bloom.

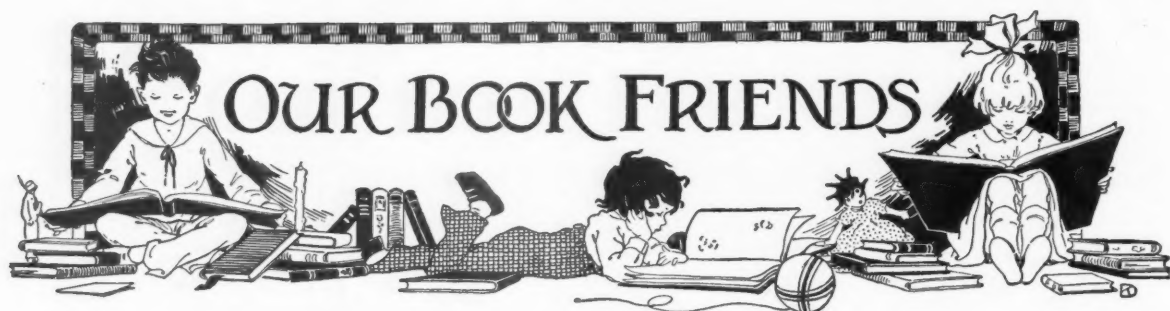
Another plant that is great fun to watch grow is nigella, whose blue flower in its fluffy nest of green is called "Love-in-a-Mist," and whose seed pod, dark and cross-looking and bristling with spines, is called "Devil in a Bush." And the word, nigella, means "little black ones," because the seeds are like tiny spatters of blackest ink.

The first wee leaves to come are shiny, pointed, and bright green, and the true leaves that spring from between the first two are like green, cobwebby lace.

I like the blue

(Continued on page 322)





By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library,
Present Librarian, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN and I had been visiting together. Never, in all our lives, we agreed, had we seen so much rain. For days and days and days it rained. It was only because Christopher Robin lived at the very top of the Forest where the rain couldn't come that he felt no inconvenience. When Owl came to see Christopher Robin he told him, in just so many words, that the atmospheric conditions were very unfavorable. Perhaps it was Owl who brought word that Piglet was entirely surrounded by water. Certainly it was Owl who brought the news that Pooh had left his home and was not to be found.

It was only natural then that our conversation should turn to *Winnie-the-Pooh*. Christopher Robin asked me if I had heard about "The Floating Bear" and the boat trip Pooh took on it. It seems that, when the rain began, Pooh made his escape to a broad branch of his tree. Pooh took with him, one by one, ten pots of honey. The Bear of Very Little Brain expected the honey to last him a long time, but owing to his curiosity (to say nothing of his appetite) the honey was all gone on the morning of the fourth day. Then Pooh had a very good idea. He took the biggest empty honey jar, corked it up, named his boat "The Floating Bear," dropped it into the water and jumped in after it. For a time it was a contest between Pooh and the honey jar to see which was to be on top. I believe Pooh finally triumphed and succeeded in paddling his way to Christopher Robin.

As thoughts of rain are associated with spring and the awakening of the earth, so Christopher Robin and I traveled from one adventure to another. Trees have an everlasting place in Christopher Robin's affections, as they have in mine. He told me of The Hundred Acre Wood where Owl lived, of The Chestnuts which was Owl's own charming residence. Underneath the knocker, at Owl's house, there was a notice which said:

PLES RING IF AN RNSER IS REQIRD

and underneath the bell pull there was a notice which said:

PLEZ CNOKE IF AN RNSR IS NOT REQID

Turn where we might, into the silence of the woods

themselves, in the pages of book friends, or in the life we were living that day, Christopher Robin and I found the tree making an appeal to our imagination and our sense of romance. There were the slowly nodding pine trees which John Muir thought the noblest and most beautiful of all the trees. Christopher Robin liked the verse of William Hayne's which you, I think, will like too.

"If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines."

Have you ever tried weaving for yourself a tapestry of trees—putting on to that tapestry the trees that are dearest to your heart? Perhaps it is a kind of a Hall of Fame for Trees! I am sure that into it you will weave such names as Arden and Sherwood, for there Robin Hood and his merry band had their adventures. With Robin Hood, too, you will associate the yew tree which is "the father of the fateful bow." In the elfin forest there is the madroña of which the poet of the Sierras has said:

"Captain of the Western Wood,
Thou thatapest Robin Hood,
Green above thy scarlet hose,
How thy velvet mantle shows!
Never tree like thee arrayed,
O thou gallant of the glade!"

Beneath a group of trees, on *The Booklover's Map of America*, are the words—"Johnny Appleseed planted these." How our first forester earned name and fame journeying over the wide prairies, with a knapsack over his shoulder and a pointed cane in his hand, is well told in Atkinson's *Johnny Appleseed* and in a delightful poem by Lydia Maria Child called "Apple Seed John."

I could leave with you for the spring holidays no lovelier gift than Margery Williams Bianco's *The Apple Tree*. Into that story she has put our own longing for birds and blossoms, for the songs of waking, the miracle of spring.

(Continued on page 314)

THE MUSIC OF THE MAGIC MONTH OF MAY

(Continued from page 273)

plainly heard. Here are the very notes Beethoven writes in imitating the song of the nightingale, quail (bobwhite) and the cuckoo.



Then, too, Robert Schumann, that most poetic of composers, was inspired to write one of his loveliest works through the beauty and promise of May Days. His first symphony, the one in B Flat Major, is called the "Spring" symphony. Listen to it, and you will find that this poet-musician has caught the mood and message of spring as only a great genius could. The parts to this symphony were originally named (1) "Spring's Beginning," (2) "Evening," (3) "Happy Companions," and (4) "Spring at the Full."

There is another very gifted composer, one who still lives in Germany, who has written spring music that the world loves. His name is Georg Schumann, but he is not even related to the great Robert Schumann. Georg Schumann's Overture "To the Spring," is a joyous May Day translated into beautiful tones. Richard Wagner has given us his *Springtime* inspiration in that perfect love-song from the first act of his opera, "The Valkyrie."

Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, all have mirrored the new life, the color and promise of Maytime in their various masterpieces, and so too have scores of other composers. What is truer to the spirit of May than Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" than Edward Greig's popular piano piece, "To the Spring" than Edward German's "Morris Dances," or "May Night" by Palmgren. Schumann, Mendelssohn and many others have painted in tones every aspect of spring in songs which all our best singers use. And here is a point for you all to remember: all of the music I have described in this story of May's music is recorded on phonograph records, and so, if you cannot hear the orchestra play them in person, you can invite the whole orchestra to your own home, and fasten them to your phonograph and simply make them play these May tone poems for you.

Of course, you know that this merry month of May is brimful and bubbling over with music festivals. Orchestras, choruses, famous vocalists and instrumentalists will appear in several cities in each of our states. But perhaps you do not know that May Day pastimes and Maypole dancing is being revived from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is a form of entertainment which never grows old. It brings to old and young the magic music of Maytime; it gives audience and actors an eyeful of color, rhythm and beauty. It may surprise you to know that Maypole festivals were held in our own New England in its very early days. If you will read Nathaniel Hawthorne's story of the rise and fall of the Maypole, found in his "Twice Told Tales" you will be sorry with me that Governor Endicott of the Plymouth Colony cut the Pilgrim Maypole down.

Now I am going to urge you to do two things: first, listen to all the May music that I have mentioned in this article—and that includes the music of the birds as well as of men; second, propose to your school teacher that she shall combine all your school and have a Maypole party the last of this month. It's more fun than you ever had in your life. One May a few years ago I saw a beautiful pageant in the little town of Stratford on Avon, where Shakespeare was born. In the morning the great green lawn lying beside the winding Avon and around the Shakespeare Theater was filled with gayly-costumed boys and girls and, after a ceremonial pageant march they formed into groups and, to the accompaniment of a small orchestra of stringed instruments playing English folk music, danced the prettiest dances I ever saw.

American school children would enjoy the Wreath Dance and the Peasant May Queen Dance, and the actual Maypole dances are still more fascinating. If you want to know just how to put on this May Day Festival procure Jennette E. C. Lincoln's "The Festival Book" and you will learn how the old and merry pastimes and revels can brighten your life, and the lives of others.

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PAN'S SECRET

(Continued from page 276)

unfolding seed—the living seed.
It is spring's promise.

FIRST ELF: It is a half-opened
bud. It came from a living seed.

SECOND ELF: A living seed.

PAN (*happily*): Spring's miracle!
[He jumps up, and dances over to
the HUNTSMAN, singing joyously]:

Come, ye people, don't be sad!

Spring is calling—just be glad.

So tune your pipes and dance and
sing

Because it's spring, it's spring, it's
spring!

HUNTSMAN (*glowing*): A song for
our lips—laughter for our hearts—
and rest—and peace—and joy.

[All join hands, as Mendelssohn's "Spring
Song" grows more exultant, and begin to
dance around the happy HUNTSMAN, who
still holds up the half-opened bud. As the
curtain goes down, the flower fairies are
scattering their flowers on the mossy
ground.]

CURTAIN



LUCKY LEAF!

By FRANCES ELLEN FUNK

THE children playing the game
form in two long lines in the
yard, standing face to face; one
child is the "Bimbo" or leader.
Each child stands with his hands
held open, behind him; the Bimbo
walks up and down behind the two
rows of players, with two small
green leaves. The Bimbo puts
into a child's hand, very quietly,
a leaf, which the child must take
at once and hold closely. Then
the Bimbo walks around to the
other line, and drops another leaf
into the hand of another child.
The Bimbo walks on, and when he
wishes to, he suddenly calls out,
quickly: "Stop! Lucky leaf!"

The two children who have the
two leaves at once start to run to
the opposite line, and each child
tries to put his leaf into the hand
of another child before the Bimbo
can catch him. The first child
who is caught with a leaf is taken
out of line by the Bimbo and is
given the leaves and must act as
Bimbo. The last child to become
a Bimbo, and to be caught with a
leaf in his hand, is given a prize.

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

Continued from page 295

of wearing a tiny chef's cap while cooking is also a good one as it keeps the hair tidy and helps to remind one not to touch the hair or face while cooking. Wear a fresh apron and if the fingers must be wiped off, use a small hand towel which can be put into the laundry at the end of your cooking hour.

For utensils, we shall need a baking pan (a baking pan 12 or 14 inches square will do nicely, or a longer, narrower one, if that is more convenient), a mixing bowl, a measuring cup and tablespoon. Crumbs should be prepared and may be rolled finely—either crackers or dried bread may be used—and the pepper should be ground or chopped after the stem and seeds have been removed. The celery should be washed, dried and chopped.

Now we are ready for the real work.

MEAT LOAF

Grease the baking pan and put it conveniently near.

Put the ground meat into the mixing bowl, making a hollow in the center of the meat for the other materials.

Add 1 egg. (Break the egg into a sauce dish and then slide it from there onto the top of the meat in the mixing bowl.)

Add 1 cupful crumbs

1 cupful milk

1 level tablespoon salt

1 tablespoonful celery leaves or stems chopped finely.

1 sweet pepper chopped or ground

1 tablespoonful pork drippings (If you have them on hand, this is a very tasty addition; if not, use butter instead.)

Roll back your sleeves and with the finger tips of both hands mix and mix and mix till all the ingredients are perfectly blended. Some cooks use two forks and get the materials together that way but fingers are both more thorough and quicker, and if they are immaculately clean, are every bit as good form.

Divide the meat into two even parts. Mold each into a long, rounded shape and put side by side on the baking pan. Press the meat in each loaf together firmly, very firmly, so that it will cling together well and will slice nicely.

Shake a few extra crumbs over the top for good looks.

Bake fifteen minutes, using a hot oven the first thirty-five and a moderate one for the last fifteen.

When done, slip a pancake turner under each loaf and remove it carefully to a hot

(Continued on page 317)



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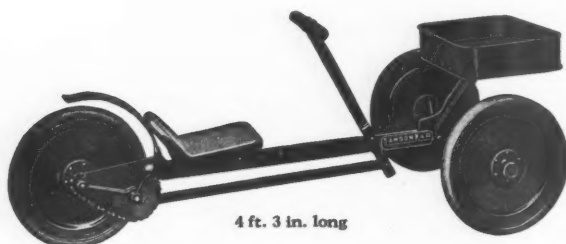


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ROGER AT THE HELM

(Continued from page 288)

different everything looked, now that Mom was home! It wasn't lonely any more! And they were not going to give up their home! It was theirs! He smiled at the thought of last night and whistled softly. Buster came, wagging his good-morning.

Roger filled the coal hod—that funny old secretary looked at him through the gloom of the cellar! He filled the stove; he fixed the drafts; he put the cereal on in the double boiler.

A footfall on the stairs! It was Mr. Wheeler come down to telephone for help at the garage. "Family come home last night?" he asked.

"Mother and Uncle Ned," Roger explained. "Say, guess you were going to meet my Dad in Hampton. Well, maybe you'd like to know—last night—just luck—Short and I found a later will. Uncle Ned says it changes everything—I hope you don't feel bad. Course I want to keep my home!"

Mr. Wheeler paused on his way to the telephone. He looked astonished. But he looked amused also. "Boy," he said. "I might as well tell you—I never wanted this place. My home suits me, and I'm glad to have things settled." He turned to the telephone. "Got to go down to the car now."

Mother came downstairs. She laughed happily at Roger's surprise. "Still at the helm?" she said. "Lucky voyage! You're a good captain, Roger!"

Roger grinned. "The crew's asleep," he returned. "Some crew too! Good mate, Shorty! Guess they'd better wake up an' hear the news!" He was above in a jiffy. "Wake up!" he cried. "Short an' I found that treasure!"

"Gosh!—you didn't!"

Fatty and the rest of the bunch came running from the attic. "What's the row?" they asked.

"What'll you do with the treasure?" they demanded. "Old coins like that—must be valuable!"

"Uncle Ned says it might be sold. Grandfather gave it to Dad. His friend left it to him. Mom says Dad'll want me to sell it, she thinks. I can go to college on it, maybe. I think that baby ought to have some when Dad gives it to me." He looked around the room at his gang happily. "Each one of you will have a gold coin to hang on a watch fob, maybe," he chuckled. "Sort of a decoration for the crew! Shorty'll come in for his share, too! Hooray for Shorty! Hooray for the gang!"

"Hooray!" squealed Beany. "Hooray for Roger!"

"Say we celebrate with a hike up to Round Top?"

Mother came down the hall and paused at the open door. "Hooray!" she cried. "Hooray for the man who took the helm!"

Roger grinned. "No more rough weather," he squealed. "But didn't I tell you not to worry?"

"Pack up your troubles—" sang Bill.

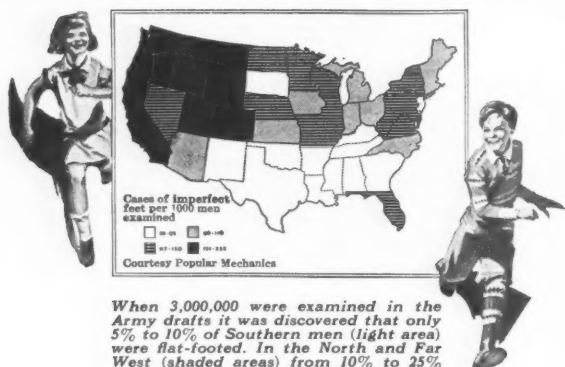
"Huh!" said Roger. There aren't any to pack up, now that the home's ours—for sure!"

THE END

PUNCH and JUDY PUZZLE ~ Find Judy

By HELEN HUDSON





When 3,000,000 were examined in the Army drafts it was discovered that only 5% to 10% of Southern men (light area) were flat-footed. In the North and Far West (shaded areas) from 10% to 25% were flat-footed chiefly because of heavy ill-fitting shoes worn in childhood.

Your child's future foot health

This map may point the way

DURING the War over 3,000,000 American men passed through the hands of doctors.

And over 300,000 were found to have serious foot defects!

In some states where the men when children had worn heavy, ill-fitting shoes, as high as one-fourth of all examined were suffering from flatfoot. In other states where children normally go barefooted or in light, well-ventilated shoes only one-twentieth to one-tenth of the men examined had important foot trouble.

Because of what they learned in this test, specialists today even more than ever recommend that children wear lightweight, well-ventilated shoes. That's why so many specialists endorse Keds. For Keds bring barefoot freedom without barefoot risks.

And Keds soles stand long, hard wear. Special Feltex inner soles keep feet cool in Keds.

Keds cost from \$1.25 to \$4.50. Keds are made only by the

United States Rubber Company

THE "SPORTSTER"

A sturdy athletic-trim Keds model—built for the hardest wear. Comes in white with black trim or brown with gray trim. Gray corrugated soles.



THE "MOCCASIN" TYPE

A Keds model with vulcanized crepe rubber sole. Attractive, snug-fitting, comfortable—and built for hard wear.

Keds

They are not **Keds**
unless the name Keds is on the shoe

THE ADVENTURES OF ANDY

(Continued from page 285)

even an Easter chicken, but simply the ugliest and horriddest-looking bird any of them had ever seen. He was pink and skinny and perfectly bald, and he twisted his long neck about and opened an enormous yellow mouth, so big that it looked as if the whole of his head were turned inside out. He was such a terrible disappointment after all their hopes that they could scarcely bear to look at him, especially the rag doll; she after one glance turned her back on him and exclaimed to Andy, most unfairly,

"You brought it down here and you'll have to look after it! I won't have anything to do with the horrid thing!"

"I certainly intend to!" returned Andy rather warmly; for she was a good-hearted little thing, and if the baby bird was homely it wasn't his fault and she thought it very unkind to mention the fact in front of him.

"I shall call him Eggie," she said, "and I intend to adopt him for my very own. He's a orphan, and it's mean to make fun of orphans just because they aren't always elephants. They can't help it."

Eggie, to tell the truth, did not look at all promising, but Andy determined to do her best by him. The first thing certainly was to find him clothes. He needed them badly. So Andy took off her own skirt, which was of blue striped cotton and very full, and tied it round him. His bald head, with little whitish hairs sprouting out of it here and there, stuck out at the end of his long, wrinkled neck, and his mouth opened again wider than ever, letting out a dissatisfied squawk.

"He's hungry," Andy exclaimed. "We must get him something to eat."

The horse could only think of huckleberries. He fetched some from a bush a little farther up the beach. Eggie swallowed three, but spat them out again immediately, squawking more desolately than ever. Andy was nearly distracted.

"Oh, Eggie darling, do be quiet!" she begged. "I'm trying my hardest, and I do so want you to be a success!"

She carried some water from the river in an empty snail shell; he drank some, though most of it spilled over him. After this he was quiet for a time, merely rolling his eyes about and opening and shutting his mouth noiselessly.

"If I only had more experience of children!" Andy thought. Surely all babies weren't as ugly and awkward as this, or if they were something was done about it. But what? He needed a lot of improvement, but where could one begin? Her mind was busy with ideas. She would make him proper clothes, little green trousers and a braided jacket, and when the time came he must go to school. He couldn't be allowed to grow up ignorant. She must always keep his hair well brushed; he might even grow up to be a great comfort to her

and then the rag doll would be sorry. While she was in the very middle of planning these future triumphs, Eggie began to squawk more loudly than ever. A shadow darkened the air and a large and indignant sand martin swooped suddenly down and landed with a thud just before them.

It was Eggie's mother and she was certainly mad.

"What's all this about?" she cried to Andy. "Fine goings on, indeed! Can't I turn my back for a minute and slip out to do a little marketing but what you must go interfering? Look at that poor child! You've made him perfectly ridiculous!"

And she pounced upon Eggie, tore Andy's skirt from him and flung it on the ground.

"How could I tell?" retorted Andy. "I didn't know you were Eggie's mother. I thought you were a nelephant. I didn't even know Eggie had a mother and I was going to be his mother myself. If you don't want people to adopt your children and take proper care of them, you shouldn't go off and leave them about like that. I'm sure Eggie would far rather live with me than go back into that smelly old cave again!"

And she flung her arms around Eggie's neck and kissed him.

"Well, I dare say you did your best," returned the mother bird, slightly mollified. "All I object to is the interference. When you've hatched as many children as I have you'll learn better sense about these things. And please remember his name is Alexander!"

"I shall always call him Eggie!" said Andy stubbornly, "and when he's older he's going to come and stay with me, so there!"

"He can suit himself about that," returned the mother bird. "I shall have other things to think of next year. But now he's coming straight home with me!"

And before Andy could interfere she had seized Eggie very uncomfortably by the back of his neck and flown off with him to the sand hole.

Andy was left staring at the little fragments of egg shell on the ground. She had to blink hard to keep the tears from falling down.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "I could have brought Eggie up much better than she will."

"Never mind," said the horse. "He'd have been an awful nuisance when he grew older. You can never tell how children will turn out. He might have had red hair. You wouldn't like that."

"I wouldn't mind," replied Andy. "I just know he'd have g-grown up good looking!"

"Well, it can't be helped, anyhow," the horse said consolingly. "Come along, Andy, and we'll find some huckleberries!"

And having no handkerchief he dried her tears very gently on a bit of burdock leaf and led her off to the berry patch down the stream.

The next installment of "The Adventures of Andy" will appear in the June CHILD LIFE



The SCOOTER BOY

OH, Boys, I'm on my SCOOTER;
The wind blows through my hair!
I ring my bell so you can tell
I'm "scooting" everywhere.
I am a SCOOTER rider;
I know that "Scooter joy,"
Take it from me, it's great to be
A healthy "Scooter Boy."

JOHN MARTIN

ENDEE Coaster Brake

CHAPTER I

THE ENDEE Coaster Brake provides the same easy, gentle brake and safety control advantage in scooter bikes and similar vehicles for children that the larger New Departure has for many years given to the bicycle. The Endee enhances all of the values of outdoor cycling to growing children. It enables the child to stop his vehicle instantly without jar, jolt, or upset. It makes riding fatigueless fun. All manufacturers of scooter vehicles are using the Endee.

PUZZLE FUN—GET ONE!

FREE Boys and Girls, be busy "Scooters" and send today for your jolly puzzle, "THE DISAPPEARING CHINAMAN." It's fun—hurry up and get one! Just write to

*Especially
designed for
Scooter
Bikes*



New Departure
ENDEE
Coaster Brake
BRISTOL CONN.

1291

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TINKER TOYS

Look for the RED TINKER MEN on the carton—it's your assurance of a genuine Tinker Toy.



STEAM
ROLLER
TINKER

A new floor toy that is sure to enjoy a constant year 'round demand. Flywheels revolve as toy is drawn along floor. Beautifully enameled in many colors and built to withstand hard use.

TINKER
FISH

A brand new all season item. Children find great delight in fishing for Tinker Fish. Six brilliantly enameled fish—non-rusting rod and reel with hook and line comprise each set.



SIREN
TINKER

A charming little Miss whose beguiling ways make her a favorite playmate for the smaller kiddies. Dressed all up in bright spring colors.

Bright harmless colors that will not come off, no sharp corners and so sturdily made they resist breakage indefinitely, Tinker Toys are the choice of happy children everywhere. Twenty-five toys to choose from, all popularly priced. At all dealers where good toys are sold.

Beautiful gift card enclosed with every Tinker Toy

The Toy Tinkers-Inc.
EVANSTON ~ ILLINOIS

THE BOYS' FESTIVAL IN JAPAN

(Continued from page 281)

in Japan, he is an example of what can be accomplished against great difficulties.

Kumagai and Yoshitsune, Hideyoshi and Masashige were all real men, who once lived in Japan. But among the boy's dolls in the *tokonoma* are some that are mere story-boys. Momataro is there, of course; we already know about him. Kintaro is there, also. He is a big, fat, red-faced boy. He is a great favorite. He was found, a little baby, out in the forest, by an old woman named Yama Uba. She took him home with her. He grew rapidly, until he was strong and big. He loved to wrestle with animals—monkey, stag, and bear. His dolls represent him wrestling with a bear, or with a great carp. He was so strong that one time he plucked up a great tree by the roots and used it for a bridge over a swollen stream.

Such are the dolls and things that are laid out for the boy to see on the fifth day of May.

The whole day is a festival. At dinner, Mother has some things for him to eat that are special to the day. He has *mochi* cakes wrapped in iris leaves (that he may have success) and in oak leaves (that he may be strong). He has boiled chestnuts, because the same word *kachi* means chestnuts and victory. And, because it is his holiday, they let him drink a little *sake*, but it is not common *sake*. It has chopped iris leaves in it.

When the day ends, he and the neighbor boys have a procession with paper lanterns, and torches and much noise and fun. Fireworks are set off in their honor and every house in which boys live is brightly lighted. It is the boys' festival and every boy must be content and happy. The floating carp, the morning bath, the display in the *tokonoma*, the little feast, the toys and play, the signs of joy at night, are all meant to remind him that he is a boy and that he must resolve to be a real boy—to succeed, to overcome difficulties, to foster every good cause, to be brave and true.



MAY DAY

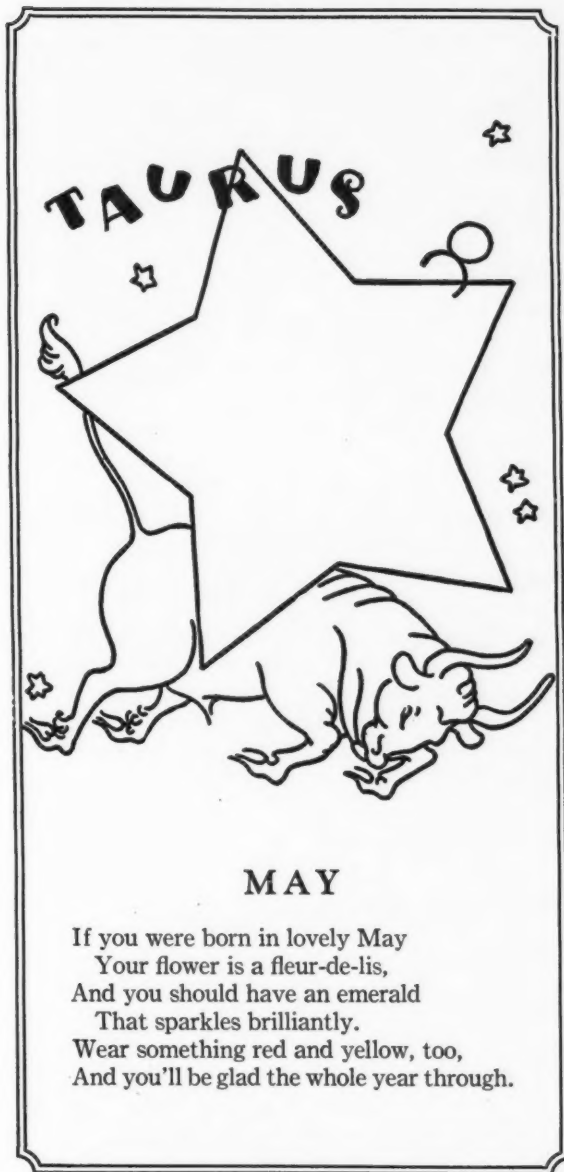
ELEANOR HAMMOND

MAY gave a garden party,
Inviting all the flowers.
Each little plant came, fresh and neat,
Washed clean by April's showers.

Each flower wore a party frock
Of yellow, pink or blue.
The song birds made the music,
The bumblebees came, too!

The cherry tree wore ruffles,
The lilac, plumes of white—
Isn't a May Day party
A very lovely sight?

Birthday Album

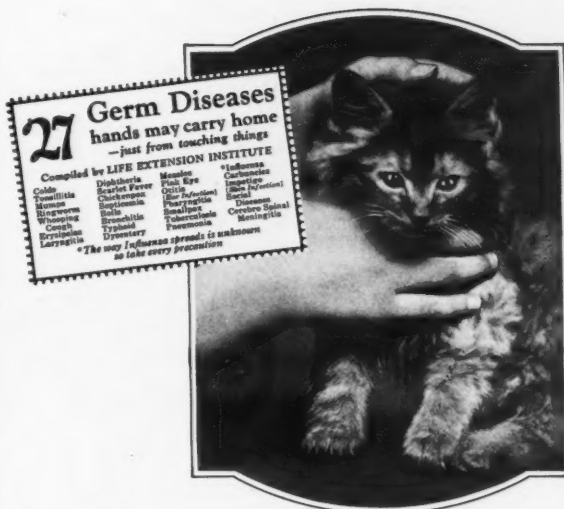


MAY

If you were born in lovely May
Your flower is a fleur-de-lis,
And you should have an emerald
That sparkles brilliantly.
Wear something red and yellow, too,
And you'll be glad the whole year through.

BIRTHDAY ALBUM

To make the CHILD LIFE Birthday Album, trace the illustration given each month in an attractive scrapbook and copy the verses for the month beneath the picture. On the reverse side of the page—or on the following page—paste snapshots of the members of your family and friends who were born during that month and have them write their names and the dates of their birthdays. On the cover of your album, draw three stars somewhat smaller than the one in the illustration. In two of these paste photographs of your father and mother; in the third, paste a picture of yourself. If you prefer, you may buy several gilt stars the proper size at a paper novelty or stationery store, and either paste your photographs on these, or cut out the center of the stars, tracing around a coin to make your circle perfectly round, and paste the stars over your pictures, so that the edges will form frames. At the end of the year, you will have a horoscope for each month, and your album will be complete.



Get hands cleaner
-remove *germs*, too
with this pure, gentle toilet soap

YOU can't forbid children to fondle their pets or play with their toys. They *must* touch banisters—door-knobs—schoolbooks—and countless other innocent-looking, every-day objects, on which unseen disease germs may lurk.

And your own hands—your husband's hands—touching telephones, money, car-straps—they *can't* escape germs, either.

Health authorities say hands may spread germs of 27 diseases. See list above. To avoid needless risks, let *everyone* in your family use a hygienic toilet soap—like Lifebuoy. Its antiseptic lather removes germs as well as dirt.

In 63,000 schools—in many million homes—children have learned the Lifebuoy way to better health.

And the whole family demands Lifebuoy for every toilet purpose—because it is so invigorating and cleansing, so fine for skin. It keeps complexions clear and smooth—makes perspiration odorless.

You'll love its wholesome scent

Lifebuoy's clean, hygienic scent—which quickly evaporates after rinsing—tells you it gives *greater* protection. Lifebuoy is orange-red, the color of its pure palm-fruit oils.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

*Stops
body odor
too*



Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP

for face · hands · bath

The Adventures of Bob and Betty and Red Tube

BOB and Betty and Red Tube were eating breakfast at their own private table. Nipper lay over in the corner wishing it was dinner instead of breakfast time. At dinner he was always given a bone or two on the sly.



"What do you suppose I dreamt last night?" asked Betty.

"I know," said Bob; "you dreamt about that skinny boy who gave you an apple at school the other day."

"No," said Red Tube; "she dreamt about that new party dress of hers."

"You are both wrong," said Betty. "I dreamt we all went over to darkest Africa to find the blackest people in all the world."

"We looked high and low. And we found some people who were pure white. Then we found some people who were tan, about the color of—the color of—"

"The color of my tan trousers," said Bob.

"We even went away down into the middle of Africa,

where it says on the map—Belgian Congo," continued Betty; "and there we found some people who were chocolate-colored. And they directed us to go down to the southern end of Africa."

"We started south, and the farther we went the darker everything got. Until finally everything, trees and sky, was inky black. We couldn't see to walk; we couldn't see anything."

"When suddenly all around us people were talking, but you couldn't see a soul. Bob grabbed, and caught something that felt like an arm, but he couldn't be sure—so he asked who it was. And somebody answered, 'I am one of the blackest people in the world, so black you can't even see me!'"

"We all felt dreadfully discouraged, for here we had come all this distance to see the blackest people in the



world and there was nothing to see.

"Then Red Tube spoke up and saved the day."

"I have a remarkable gift," said Red Tube. "I can make people's teeth so white that they shine like diamonds. Why don't I lighten up you dark people by making your teeth shine? You'll find it mighty becoming. What do you say?"

"And they said—'Fine!'"

"So Red Tube took off his cap and set to work, and soon we saw shining teeth everywhere! It was beautiful!"



If you would like to have the story book about "Zingo and the Magic Beasts" and also a little tube of Colgates known as Red Tube Junior, send in the coupon.

COLGATE & COMPANY, Dept. 211E
581 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me a copy of "Zingo and the Magic Beasts" and a FREE trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.



Name

Address

City

State

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

(Continued from page 304)

SONGS OF WAKING

A Shropshire Lad A. E. Housman
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK

A B C's In Green Leonora Speyer

Apple-Seed John Lydia Maria Child

The Apple Tree Margery Williams Bianco
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Arbor Day in Poetry . . . The Carnegie Library School Association
H. W. WILSON COMPANY, NEW YORK

Birch Trees John Moreland

Booklover's Map of America Paul Paine
R. R. BOWKER COMPANY, NEW YORK

Child's Song in Spring E. Nesbit

Come Hither Walter de la Mare
ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK

Easter in Poetry . . . The Carnegie Library School Association
H. W. WILSON COMPANY, NEW YORK

Elfin Forest of California Francis M. Fultz
TIMES MIRROR PRESS, LOS ANGELES

First Lessons in Nature Study Edith M. Patch
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Johnny Appleseed Eleanor S. Atkinson
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

Little Robin Stay-Behind Katherine Lee Bates
WOMANS PRESS, NEW YORK

Living Forest Arthur Heming
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Trees, a poem. Walter de la Mare

Madam How and Lady Why Charles Kingsley
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Howard Pyle
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Orchard and Meadow Zoe Meyer
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON

Peep Show Man Padraic Colum
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Poems by the Way William Morris
LONGMANS GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Puck in Pasture Elizabeth MacKinty
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Rain on the Roof Cornelia Meigs
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Secrets of the Woods W. J. Long
GINN & COMPANY, BOSTON

Story of the Forest John G. Dorrance
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, CHICAGO

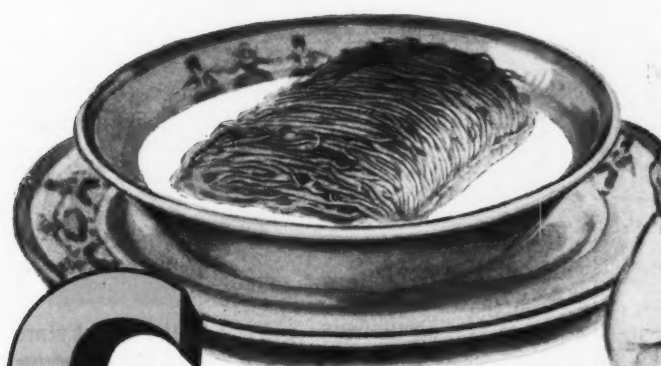
Thunder Boy Olaf Baker
DODD MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Trees as Good Citizens Charles Lathrop Pack
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Trees, Stars and Birds Edwin L. Moseley
WORLD BOOK COMPANY, NEW YORK

Trees Worth Knowing Julia Ellen Rogers
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

Winnie-the-Pooh A. A. Milne
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK



C

-is for CHILDREN

who grow big and strong

Eating good


Shredded
Wheat

all the day long



MOTHER KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU

Children's
properly built
Shoes
FOR MAYTIME



Charming slippers of
red, green or blue kid
priced from
\$5.50

A complete booklet sent upon request

J. J. SLATER
415 Fifth Avenue
15 East 57th Street
NEW YORK

Spring Lake, N.J. Southampton, L.I.

Solve Your Camp Problem! By Filling Out the Coupon!

THE CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education has on file complete data on all of the best camps and schools in the United States. Miss Dora L. Van Alstine, who is now Director of the CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education is familiar, through personal contact, with the majority of the schools and camps whose literature we have on file for your reference.

The CHILD LIFE BUREAU OF EDUCATION has been established as a service to our subscribers, and we want you to use its facilities to solve your school and camp problems.

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Miss Dora L. Van Alstine, Director
CHILD LIFE BUREAU OF EDUCATION
277 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

I am interested in selecting a camp suitable for a boy ☐ a girl ☐ age.....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

STAR STUDY

(Continued from page 299)

the dots with circles around them (○); your medium-sized stars on the other dots and the smallest stars on the × marks. In looking at your star map, it is a good plan to hold it directly over your head.

It is fortunate for us that the Big Dipper is always in the sky because we use it as a key for finding most of the other stars.

Here is the rule for finding two of the bright stars on this map: *Follow the curve of the handle of the big dipper and you will come to Arcturus, then extend the curve and you will come to Spica.*

If you still have your map, called Circumpolar Stars (which was in the April number of CHILD LIFE), you can place it just above this new map and see how this rule works on paper.

Arcturus is the bright star in the constellation of Boötes—a man who is the caretaker or keeper of the bears. Arcturus is orange color, which means that it is growing old but is not quite so old as the red stars. It is in the sky from March until October and is never far from the handle of the Big Dipper.

Spica is white in color and so one of the youngest stars. It is in the constellation of Virgo—a young girl representing Proserpina, the daughter of Ceres, whom you will remember in the story Hawthorne told, entitled "The Pomegranate Seeds."

Regulus is the other bright star on this map. It is found in the constellation called Leo—the Nemean Lion which Hercules killed for the first of his Labors.

The stars in the head of the lion form a Sickle with Regulus in the handle. Three other stars form a triangle and outline the rest of the body. Leo rises in the east just before Arcturus and Spica come up. It may be seen in the sky from January to July.

Hydra is the great serpent that Hercules killed as his second Labor. His head is found just west of the Sickle and the body extends way across the southern sky.

I hope you will find Arcturus, Spica and Regulus and watch them travel across the sky, for then you will understand about the rising and setting of the stars.

Looking at stars is something like listening to a radio. Music broadcasted from New York may be heard by people all over the country at the same time. You and I may be living in different cities, or even in different countries, and yet we may be looking at the same star on the same night and perhaps at the same time.

PRONUNCIATION:

Arcturus—Ark-tū'rūs

Spica —Spī'kā

Boötes —Bō-ō'tēz



Those happy days of childhood

WHAT fun it is to run and play when your feet are sound and willing. Isn't it worth while to keep the foot health of childhood when sound feet mean so much to health and happiness?

Children can keep the natural, shapely feet they were born with, if they wear the right kind of shoes. In Cantilever Shoes their feet will stay natural, and build up the strength needed for an active, successful life. For these shoes are shaped like the natural foot, and are flexible from toe to heel. Foot muscles can develop strength through the exercise that these shoes allow. And when the foot muscles are strong, the arches are strong too.

All five toes lie straight in the roomy toe of the Cantilever. The whole foot is properly fitted. For the lines of the Cantilever Shoe are based on the natural shape of the foot.

Cantilever Shoes are well made, good-looking, economical and long-wearing. They are sold in stores where conscientious fitting is practiced. If your local Cantilever store is not listed in the telephone book under "Cantilever," write the Cantilever Corporation, 428 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address and a new booklet on shoes.

Cantilever Shoe



for Boys
and Girls

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 307)

platter. Garnish with a bit of parsley or lettuce and serve at once.

If a larger baking pan is used, potatoes may be peeled and roasted in the same pan, making a two-part dish with the same pan and gas. This is also a fine meal in which to serve an apple pudding, for it, too can cook with the same fuel. Clever cooks always think about such things in their planning.

Now, have you guessed our second reason for wanting to learn meat loaf this month? We thought you would! Picnic time is coming around and meat loaf is delicious for a May or a mid-summer picnic. If you bake it especially for picnic use, put in two eggs instead of one as that will make it slice better. Also, you can cut dainty, thin slices for sandwiches if the loaf is allowed to get thoroughly cold.

But probably the first time you bake a loaf, it will be for a home dinner. How do you like this menu with it?

DINNER

Clear Tomato Soup Toasted Wafers
Meat Loaf Roasted Potatoes
Cauliflower with Butter Sauce
Whole Wheat Bread Jelly
Orange Salad with Sweet Crackers
Coffee or Milk



CASH AND CARRY

POLLY CHASE

It's fun to go
To the grocery
With Mother to buy
Our sugar and tea.

Onions and gingersnaps,
Hunks of meat,
And lots of mysterious
Things to eat.

I stand quite still
And hear the buzz
The snarley coffee-
Grinder does.

I stand quite still
And suck a prune,
While the man cuts cheese
That fell down from the moon.

And then he takes
A lot of string
And carefully ties
Up everything.



DON'T SCOLD

if your child is backward at school. It may be due to GOITER

Often unsatisfactory progress at school may be traced to an unsuspected disease.

That disease is simple goiter, which is caused by an insufficiency of iodine in foods and drinking water.

Usually there is no distinguishing symptom—no noticeable enlargement of the neck. Thus the disease is permitted to go unchecked, making children physically and mentally backward for no apparent reason.

No matter where you live, and especially if inland, you must guard against this menace. In many communities as high as 70% of the school children have been found to be afflicted with goiter.

The simplest way to protect your children from goiter is to use Morton's Iodized Salt. It is made by restoring Nature's iodine to our famous salt that pours.

Get Morton's Iodized Salt today and use it on the table and in cooking. It costs no more than ordinary salt, although the protection it affords makes it priceless.

MORTON'S IODIZED SALT



WHEN IT RAINS—IT POURS

FREE! A book on goiter prevention of vital interest to every mother.
Address Morton Salt Co., Dept. 81, Chicago

Name _____

Address _____

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUET. With Patterns



THE MERRY month of May is here with flowers, birds and fresh, new frocks.

Susan, queen of the May, is wearing her most frivolous one, made of silk and trimmed with tiny lace ruffles. It is just the thing for dancing around Maypoles.

But for ordinary playing Susan wears prim little things. Her pongee has raglan yolk, tucks in front and back and organdy collar and cuffs. Her flowered dimity has inverted pleats to give it fullness and handmade collar with cuffs.

Remember Susan's frocks when you are buying May patterns; they are most as nice as May baskets.

Pattern No. 5755, 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

Pattern No. 5625, 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

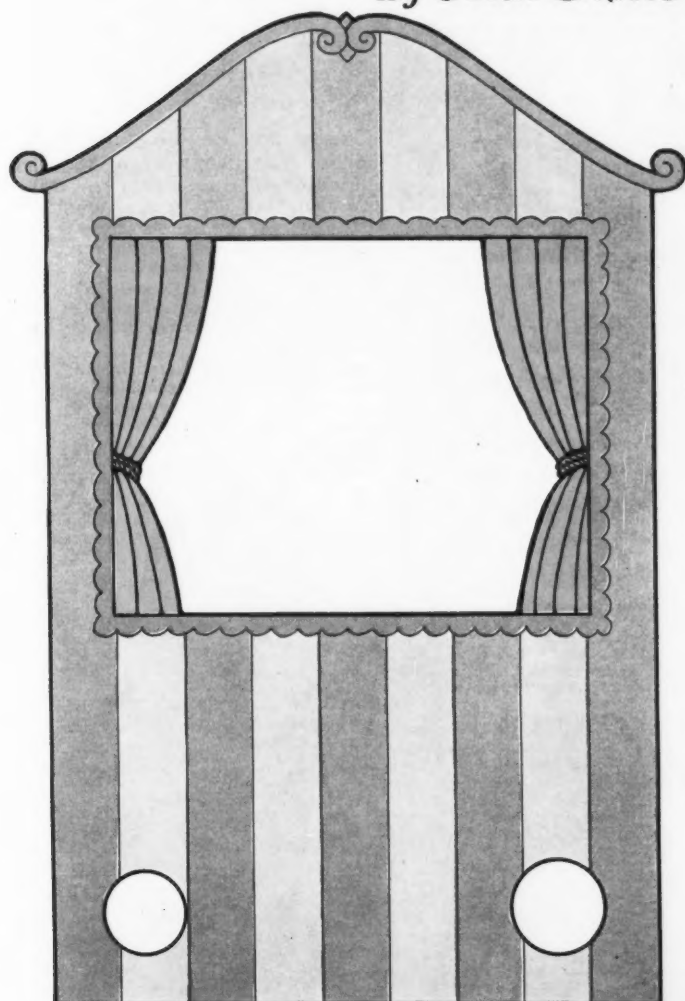
Pattern No. 5526, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

All patterns are 20 cents each.

~PUNCH'S PRESENT~

By John Dukes McKee.



PIECE 'A'

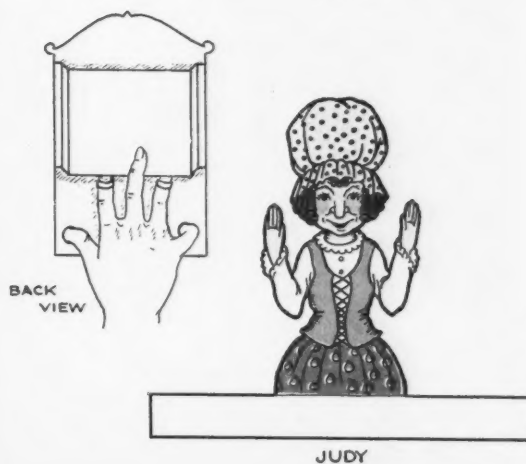


BEND PIECE 'B'
LIKE THIS



FRONT
VIEW

PUNCH



BACK
VIEW

JUDY

PIECE 'B'



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT pieces "A" and "B" on strong cardboard. Make the large open space for the stage between the curtains and also the holes for the thumb and little finger. Make piece "B" and bend on the dotted lines as shown in small sketch at left. Paste to piece "A" at the back as shown in sketch of back view. While the paste is drying, make the figures of Punch and Judy. Now wrap the strip at the bottom of the figure of Punch, snugly about your thumb of your right hand and paste the ends together. Wrap the figure of Judy about the ring finger of the same hand and paste. Put the thumb of your right hand through the larger hole and your little finger through the smaller

one. Place the two figures of Punch and Judy through the opening at the bottom between the front and back, and the middle finger at the back. You are now ready for the performance. Punch has just brought Judy a present in a nice long package. Is it flowers, or an umbrella or a large peppermint stick? Judy is very excited and curious. Make up your own words for them to say and at the same time move the fingers holding Punch and Judy so that they will act their parts. If you want to make up other little plays, just cut figures out of other magazines and paste them together.

THE CALL OF SUNSHINE!



Summer's on the threshold, inviting little folks to come out and play. Blue Ribbon wheel toys will make the sunny days happier and healthier for them and give them jolly fun, too.

DAPPLE GRAY has a handsome hand-decorated cast aluminum horse's head, a bright red seat, black undergears, red wheels and big rubber tires. The patented swivel joint will never bind, wobble or come loose. Made in two sizes.



PITZY-PAT is exactly like Dapple Gray except that it has a nickel plated handle bar and post, with rubber handle bar grips. The patented swivel joint will never wobble, bind or come loose. Made in two sizes.



PEDAL GRAY is exactly like Dapple Gray, except that he is bigger—for little folks who want something to "make go." Finished in baked enamel like Dapple Gray. The big front wheel has ball bearing pedal action and rubber covered pedals.

SNUGGLE BUGGY, the 12-pound Blue Ribbon Carriage has many uses. Instantly collapsed with one hand. Easily carried. Makes a fine comfortable bed for baby. May be used as a perambulator. Endorsed by mothers everywhere. Disc wheels; rubber tires. Finished wooden handle for pushing or carrying.



Just send name and address for your free copy of our little Jingle Book and we'll tell you all about the Blue Ribbon things.

Junior Wheel Goods Corporation
KOKOMO INDIANA

BLUE RIBBON

Wheel Goods of Quality

League Membership (Continued from page 296)

will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

A Good Citizen—Bird Month

1. I read of the life and works of John James Audubon.
2. I learned to identify a bird by its call.
3. I learned to identify a bird by its plumage.
4. I learned something new about the habits of the chickadee.
5. I learned something new about the habits of the brown thrasher.
6. I learned something new about the habits of the oriole.
7. I learned something new about the habits of the woodpecker.
8. I learned something new about the habits of some other bird.
9. I filled a shallow pan with water for the birds.
10. I learned something new about the wren's habits.
11. I put wire guards around our trees to keep the cats away.
12. I kept my cat shut up at night, so it could not hunt birds.
13. I fed crumbs or seeds to the birds.
14. I helped make a bird house.
15. I signed the pledge to protect the birds.
16. I asked another boy or girl to sign the pledge.
17. I learned how birds help the farmer.
18. I planted some shrubbery in our yard, in order to encourage the birds to nest there in years to come.
19. I started a collection of pictures of birds.
20. I learned to identify an oriole's nest.
21. I learned to identify a thrush's nest.
22. I learned to identify the nest of some other bird.
23. I quietly observed one family of birds for an hour or more.
24. I learned to imitate several bird calls.
25. I kept a list of the birds I saw during May.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper, then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your May list of good deeds in time to reach us by June 5th, if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

Honor Roll for January

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during the month of January:

Jean Applegate	Earline Butler
Mary Appleton	Anitah Byrne
Carl Baker	Bertel Carlson
Clara Barrett	Alvin Carter
Charles Baum	Bessie Castle
George Baum	Carroll Connely
Ina Baum	Lorna Coulter
Margaret Baumgartner	Mary Coulter
Ernestine Bell	Robert Coulter
Lucybell Bennett	Clarence Crampton
Robert Bevier	Martha Crawford
Ruth Bjerk	Virginia Crever
Ruth Bleick	Melvin Grange
Carol Bryant	Helen Griffiths
David Bryant	Mildred Griffiths
Martin Buchanan	Ella Grinder
Maxine Buchanan	Orall Gunter
Dorothy Buckley	Hillis F. Hall
Bernice Burghduff	Samuel Hallenbeck
	Calvin Hallock

Nazareth

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

The Absorbent Fabric Assures Comfort

Consider the health and comfort of the children when you buy underwear for them.

Nazareth knitted underwear prevents some summer colds by absorbing perspiration and keeping the body dry, cool and comfortable.

Nazareth knitted fabric doesn't irritate or chafe. Plenty of Nazareth styles to suit the modern dress of girls and boys.

Always look for the Nazareth label—since 1886 it has enabled millions of mothers to secure for their children perfect-fitting, serviceable underwear that resists the wear and tear of growing youngsters.



Style L. U., illustrated above, light weight, knitted waist union suit for boy or girl. Taped front, back and sides. Non-rusting pin-tubes. Pearl buttons. All flat seams. Taped buttons where needed. Binding on drop seat to prevent tearing. Attractive binding at neck and arms. Sizes 2 to 13, special 14-15. Retail at 75 cents.

Write for Catalog

if you are unable to get Nazareth Underwear at your dealers.

NAZARETH WAIST CO.
366 Broadway Dept. L. New York City
Mills at Nazareth, Pa.



"—And then
I run away"

I like to play in my Sun-suit
Through each summer day—
I fight all kinds of dragons—
And I run away!

Where gentle wavelets invite little feet; where cool grasses tempt little to naps, even in one's own back yard the new Sun-suit is the proper garment for growing bodies in play-time hours.

The Jantzen Sun-suit costs but a trifle; it brings a wealth of health and fun and freedom through vacation days; it saves no end of laundering trouble.

Color-fast, made of real dyed-in-the-wool yarns, knit the famous Jantzen-stitch way—snug, elastic, perfect-fitting. Find a delightful selection of them wherever Jantzen swimming suits are sold.

Ask your merchant for red diving girl sticker or send 4c for two. Style sheet sent free upon request. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen
Sun-suit
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Designed under the supervision
of a noted child specialist.



Honor Roll for January

Virginia Hatch	Constance Franchot
Ruth Hayner	Orpha Froning
Kathleen Heiman	Nona Fryar
Ruth Hershman	Eleanor Gardner
Helen L. Hill	Helen J. Gardner
Marguerite Hime- baugh	Ruth Gardner
Earl Hollister	Shirley Gardner
Alice Holtdorf	Earl Gillingham
Ruby Holtdorf	Violet Gitzlaff
Dorothea Holtz	Blair Goodman
Douglas Houchins	Gilbert Goodman
James Houchins	Maxine Gottlieb
Adriel Huffard	Ruth Nett
Deemer Hunt	Letitia O' Kelly
Regina Imlay	Grace Otto
Edward Jenkins	Alvin Pagel
Jessie Jennings	Elizabeth Patton
Cleo Johnson	Phoebe Prentice
Viola Kanis	Vernice Prestridge
Jack Kaufman	Vernon Prestridge
Velma Kees	Pearl Price
Jewell Kennedy	Clarence Raschke
Earl Killgrove	Eleanor Rath
Lorraine King	Hazel Redmer
Gilmore Kirkman	Willard Reibel
Floyd Kitchens	Fred Rice
Felis Koselke	Jeanne Riddle
Minerva Kruschke	Basil Riese
Orville Kruschke	Violet Riese
Sophie Kushner	Mary A. Robinson
Elsie Kuss	Patricia Robinson
Ruth Kuss	Eloise Roe
Marvin La Croix	Leonard Rosenbaum
Margaret Ladd	Marguerite Rosen- baum
Erna Ladeburg	James Rosenberg
Glenn Lammers	Larry Rowe
Dorothy Leaton	Rosale Ruff
Altha Leggett	Rose Ruff
Gertrude Leggett	Wilbur Rush
Robert McGraw	Beatrice Schimek
Clifford McManemin	Lucille Schimek
Harold Maleski	Jean Schnabel
Frances Manges	Dorothy Schold
Russel Marquardt	Raymond Schold
Florence Martin	Arnold Schonscheck
Ruby Memler	Elmer Schwenkel
Woody Meritt	Wanda Sewell
Ruth Miller	Frank Sheviak
Jean Morrison	Harley Shotliff
June Morrison	Nancy Sloan
Mary Ann Muller	Cecil Smith
Marjorie Murdoch	Earl Stanfield
Edith Nalley	Gladys Stevenson
Johnny Nalley	Willie Stolte
Virginia Naslund	Herbert Stoltz
Donald Nelson	Charles Stonecipher
Dorothy Cripps	William Sullivan
Mildred Cutler	Fayebel Teddlie
Phyllis Dagne	Stanley Thomas
Harold Daniels	J. B. Thompson
Willie Daniels	Byro Tilden
Lois Davenport	John L. Tooker
Edward Davis	Mildred Tullis
Herbert Davis	Ruth Voelker
John De Conno	Helen Walker
Frances Driscoll	Barbara A. Weiler
Helen Driscoll	Helen Welter
Joe Driscoll	Barbara Wickham
Willie Mae Eggerton	Remi Williams
Katharine Ellis	Dorene Wine
Paul Ellis	Edd Wine
Susan Engleman	Cora Wright
Harry Erickson	Maudie Wyatt
Hugh Feele	Junior Zabel
Geraldine Fleming	Katherine Zeis
Waymon Foster	Robert Zimmerman

Honor Roll For February

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during February:

Dorothy Abbey	Thelma A. Freeman
Herbert Anderson	Nona Fryar
Mary D. Anderson	Grace Gednalske
Helen Belser	Elsie Gibson
Evelyn Bixby	Leverne Glor
Mary M. Blair	Alice Gordon
Ruth Bleick	Lucille Grieger
Ione Breinholt	Ella Grinder
Dorothy Buckley	Emmylou Grub
Pauline Chamberlain	Hillis F. Hall
Amanda Chamberlin	Helen Harris
Frances Chofflet	Belle Hawk
Carroll Connelly	Ruth Hayner
Virginia Crever	Kathleen Heiman
Helen Cushman	Ruth Hershman
Mary Cushman	Helen Hilsabeck
Jeanie De Winton	Irma Hines
Dorothy Dimick	Doris L. Hobart
Charity Eide	Helen Hoepfner
Naida Firestone	Douglas Houchins

(Continued in June issue of CHILD LIFE)



A dress especially created by Samuel Borger, Modes & Fabrics, nationally known designer of infants' and children's wear.

LEADING the way for all manufacturers, this prominent stylist is showing what lovely things are possible with *Babette*—a Capitol Silk. Many dresses as striking as the one illustrated above can be had in the leading shops. Their prices are inviting, too, because of the economy in highly specialized *Babette*.

Babette is pure silk through and through. Made sturdy and strong for long wear, its washability is guaranteed. For absolute satisfaction, look for the following label on every garment.



CAPITOL SILK CORP.
171 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.
Specialists in Silks of
Radium Construction

THE CALL OF SUNSHINE!



Summer's on the threshold, inviting little folks to come out and play. Blue Ribbon wheel toys will make the sunshiny days happier and healthier for them and give them jolly fun, too.

DAPPLE GRAY has a hand-some hand-decorated cast aluminum horse's head, a bright red seat, black undergears, red wheels and big rubber tires. The patented swivel joint will never bind, wobble or come loose. Made in two sizes.



PITZY-PAT is exactly like Dapple Gray except that it has a nickel plated handle bar and post, with rubber handle bar grips. The patented swivel joint will never wobble, bind or come loose. Made in two sizes.



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KOKOMO INDIANA

BLUE RIBBON

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(Continued from page 296)

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Carl Baker
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George Baum
Ina Baum
Margaret Baumgartner
Ernestine Bell
Lucybell Bennett
Robert Bevier
Ruth Bjerk
Ruth Bleick
Carol Bryant
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Martin Buchanan
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Dorothy Buckley
Bernice Burghduff

Earline Butler
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Robert Coulter
Clarence Crampton
Martha Crawford
Virginia Crever
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Always look for the Nazareth label—since 1886 it has enabled millions of mothers to secure for their children perfect-fitting, serviceable underwear that resists the wear and tear of growing youngsters.



Style L. U., illustrated above, light weight, knitted waist union suit for boy or girl. Taped front, back and sides. Non-rusting pin-tubes. Pearl buttons. All flat seams. Taped buttons where needed. Binding on drop seat to prevent tearing. Attractive binding at neck and arms. Sizes 2 to 13, special 14-15. Retail at 75 cents.

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366 Broadway Dept. L. New York City
Mills at Nazareth, Pa.



"—And then I run away"

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Through each summer day—
I fight all kinds of dragons—
And then I run away!*

Where gentle wavelets invite little feet; where cool grasses tempt little toes; yes, even in one's own back yard, the new Sun-suit is the proper garment for growing bodies in play-time hours.

The Jantzen Sun-suit costs but a trifle; it brings a wealth of health and fun and freedom through vacation days; it saves no end of laundering trouble.

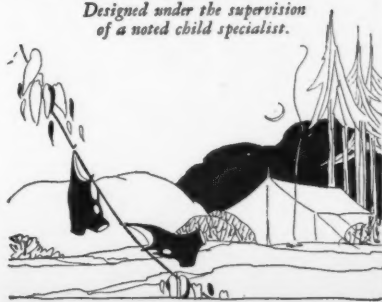
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Jantzen

Sun-suit

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Designed under the supervision
of a noted child specialist.



Honor Roll for January

Virginia Hatch	Constance Franchot
Ruth Hayner	Orpha Froning
Kathleen Heiman	Nona Fryar
Ruth Hershman	Eleanor Gardner
Helen L. Hill	Helen J. Gardner
Marguerite Himebaugh	Ruth Gardner
Earl Hollister	Shirley Gardner
Alice Holtorf	Earl Gillingham
Ruby Holtorf	Violet Gitzlaff
Dorothea Holtz	Blair Goodman
Douglas Houchins	Gilbert Goodman
James Houchins	Maxine Gottlieb
Adriel Huffard	Ruth Nett
Deemer Hunt	Letitia O'Kelly
Regina Imlay	Grace Otto
Edward Jenkins	Alvin Pagel
Jessie Jennings	Elizabeth Patton
Cleo Johnson	Phoebe Prentice
Viola Kanis	Vernice Prestridge
Jack Kaufman	Vernon Prestridge
Velma Kees	Pearl Price
Jewell Kennedy	Clarence Raschke
Earl Killgrove	Eleanor Rath
Lorraine King	Hazel Redmer
Gilmore Kirkman	Willard Reibel
Floyd Kitchens	Fred Rice
Felis Koselke	Jeanne Riddle
Minerva Kruschke	Basil Riese
Orville Kruschke	Violet Riese
Sophie Kushner	Mary A. Robinson
Elsie Kuss	Patricia Robinson
Ruth Kuss	Eloise Roe
Marvin La Croix	Leonard Rosenbaum
Margaret Ladd	Marguerite Rosenbaum
Erna Ladeburg	James Rosenberg
Glenn Lammers	Larry Rowe
Dorothy Leaton	Harold Ruff
Altha Leggett	Rose Ruff
Gertrude Leggett	Wilbur Rush
Robert McGraw	Beatrice Schimek
Clifford McManemin	Lucille Schimek
Harold Maleski	Jean Schnabel
Frances Manges	Dorothy Schold
Russel Marquardt	Raymond Schold
Florence Martin	Arnold Schonscheck
Ruby Memler	Elmer Schwenkel
Woody Meritt	Wanda Sewell
Ruth Miller	Frank Sheviak
Jean Morrison	Harley Shotliff
June Morrison	Nancy Sloan
Mary Ann Muller	Cecil Smith
Marjorie Murdoch	Earl Stanfield
Edith Nalley	Gladys Stevenson
Johnny Nalley	Willie Stolte
Virginia Naslund	Herbert Stoltz
Donald Nelson	Charles Stonecipher
Dorothy Cripps	William Sullivan
Mildred Cutler	Payebel Teddlie
Phyllis Dagne	Stanley Thomas
Harold Daniels	J. B. Thompson
Willie Daniels	Byro Tilden
Lois Davenport	John L. Tooker
Edward Davis	Mildred Tullis
Herbert Davis	Ruth Voelker
John De Conno	Helen Walker
Frances Driscoll	Barbara A. Weiler
Helen Driscoll	Helen Welter
Joe Driscoll	Barbara Wickham
Willie Mae Eggerton	Remi Williams
Katharine Ellis	Dorene Wine
Paul Ellis	Edd Wine
Susan Engleman	Cora Wright
Harry Erickson	Maudie Wyatt
Hugh Feele	Junior Zabel
Geraldine Fleming	Katherine Zeis
Waymon Foster	Robert Zimmerman

Honor Roll For February

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Herbert Anderson	Nona Fryar
Mary D. Anderson	Grace Gednalske
Helen Belser	Elsie Gibson
Evelyn Bixby	Leverne Glore
Mary M. Blair	Alice Gordon
Ruth Bleick	Lucille Grieger
Ione Breinholt	Ella Grinder
Dorothy Buckley	Emmylou Grub
Pauline Chamberlain	Hillis F. Hall
Amanda Chamberlin	Helen Harris
Frances Chofflet	Belle Hawk
Carroll Connelly	Ruth Hayner
Virginia Crever	Kathleen Heiman
Helen Cushman	Ruth Hershman
Mary Cushman	Ruth Hilsabeck
Jeanie De Winton	Irma Hines
Dorothy Dimick	Doris L. Hobart
Charity Eide	Helen Hoepfner
Naida Firestone	Douglas Houchins

(Continued in June issue of CHILD LIFE)



A dress especially created by Samuel Borger, Modes & Fabrics, nationally known designer of infants' and children's wear.

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CAPITOL SILK CORP.
171 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.
Specialists in Silks of
Radium Construction



Your Children Deserve Cuties

SURELY the nicest hosiery is not too good for them, especially when it is so moderately priced.

The little ones will like the dainty Sox for Tots and the older boys and girls will appreciate the beauty of the $\frac{1}{2}$ length Sports Hose.

If your dealer hasn't Randolph Cuties, send us his name, and if you enclose \$1 we will send you our special sample box. Be sure to state size and whether you want Sox for Tots or Cuties Sports $\frac{1}{2}$ length hose.

Have your kiddies fill in coupon below for free membership in The Cuties Club and cute Cuties button.

Trade Mark on Every Pair

RANDOLPH MILLS
Dept. C-5 Randolph St. & Columbia Ave.
Philadelphia

E. M. Townsend & Co., New York City
Selling Agents



RANDOLPH CUTIES

TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. & CANADA

SOX FOR TOTS
and $\frac{1}{2}$ length sports hose
for older boys and girls

RANDOLPH MILLS, Dept. C-5
Randolph & Columbia Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.
I want to join The Cuties Club, please

Name
(Print name here)
Address

OUR POSY PATCH

(Continued from page 303)

flowers better than the white, so I buy the seed of nigella "Miss Jekyll." The flowers are a charming shade of blue, and it is a great temptation to pick them all, but we must be sure to let a few of the best ones go to seed so we can have some of the fat, sassy "Devils in the Bush."

Have you a hot, bright, sunny spot somewhere in the garden, where most flowers would get too dry, and seem to burn up in the sun? Plant portulaca!!!

It's the dearest and most rewarding plant. In old-fashioned gardens it is called rose moss, because it grows close to the ground and creeps as some mosses do, and because it is literally covered all summer with bright wild-rose-like flowers of every shade of pink and yellow.

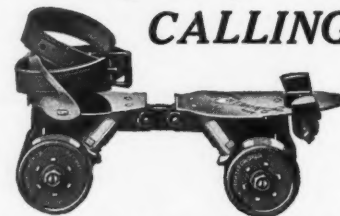
Portulaca makes lovely beds all by itself or it is charming planted as a border for other plants, but wherever it is, it fairly wants to toast in the sun.

And the seeds, too, like it hot, so it's no use sowing them until the ground is quite warm, and that's "corn planting time." And no good, old-fashioned farmer plants his corn until the silky little pink and green leaves of the oak trees are as "big as a squirrel's ear!"

Sow the tiny seeds thinly and pull up plenty of the young plants so that those plants you leave may grow six inches on all sides.

If you have a good big bed in which to sow it, it's the greatest fun to write your name across the bed, very big, tracing the letters sharply with a pointed stick in the soft earth. The tracing will make little trenches in which you can sow the seed of portulaca. In a surprisingly short time there will be, first, a delicate little green name, faintly traced across the bed; then that will grow bigger and bolder; and at last there will be your own name, beautiful and flowery with many bright-colored blossoms.

Skating Days are CALLING!



Come out into the freshness and warmth of the sunshine. Strap on your KoKoMoS and away we'll go! KoKoMoS will carry us well, with their truss-frame construction, self-contained ball bearing wheels and rocking chair movement. KoKoMoS are made for little brother and sister, too, with broad soft toe leathers that won't slip or damage shoes. They are rigid and will not sag.

If your dealer can't supply you, they will be shipped prepaid on the receipt of the following prices:

KoKoMo Reg. \$2.25
Rubber Tired F. MoS 3.50
KoKoMo Junio. 1.75



Can You Use More Money?

THE CHILD LIFE MERCHANDISING DIVISION

is in a unique position to help a few ambitious mothers to secure additional luxuries the feminine heart desires—to give to their children advantages they would otherwise forego, to earn the automobile they dream of—by devoting spare hours to unusually interesting work for some of the manufacturers who advertise in CHILD LIFE.

Just fill out the coupon below—

We will do the rest

Sales experience is not necessary—only the ability to meet people in a friendly way.

E. EVALYN GRUMBINE

Advertising Manager, CHILD LIFE

Merchandising Division, CHILD LIFE
536 South Clark Street
Chicago, Illinois

I am interested in your plan by which I may turn my spare time into dollars. Tell me about it.

Name

Street

City

State



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white, unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MAY BLOSSOMS

Silently, graciously, cheerily now,
April's sweet blossoms are leaving the bough,
That each tiny leaflet hid deep in some spray,
May timidly peep out, and whisper, "Tis
May."

MATTIE T. KOERNER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live on a small farm called "Hidden Farm" in Massachusetts. We have a great many chickens. My father gave me thirteen baby chicks in the early spring. I am going to sell the roosters for broilers to get some money to spend. I think that there are seven roosters and five hens. I am going to keep the hens and sell six of the roosters. I am going to keep one rooster.

Mother is going to help me put red bands on my chickens, so that I can tell mine from my father's.

I like stories like "The Treasure of Belden Place," "The C. L. Sewing Circle," and "The CHILD LIFE Kitchen." I am a Girl Scout, and in the Second Class test cooking and sewing are two of the requirements.

Lovingly yours,

VIRGINIA STRATTON,
Lee, Mass.

Age 11



MARION ROBERTSON

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live on a big farm. We have three horses, five cows and three calves. I had

a pet pig, but he died. We have a lot of chickens—about seven hundred. We get a bunch of eggs. We have four kitties. I wish you could see our farm. It is so pretty and green.

My sisters read CHILD LIFE to me.

Your loving friend,

CLARENCE WILSEY,
Bella Vista, Calif.

Age 7.

THE FIRST OF MAY

The first of May
Is garland day,
And every child should dance and play.
Curl your locks
As I do mine,
And wear your summer gown so fine.

JANE B. HYDE,
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

PAT AND BIM

I have a little pup, named Pat,
He is very sociable with our cat.
Once in a while they have a scrap,
Then old Bim gives Pat a slap.
Pat will kiss and then make up
Because he is a polite little pup.

MARION ROBERTSON,
Hartsdale, N. Y.

Age 10.

"DUCKY DARLING"



© 1927 by Bradley Knitting Co.

DUCKS down the front! Lovely, large ducks, two of them, cleverly knitted right into this full-cut but snug-fitting bathing suit designed especially for very small mermaids...See the Bradley "DUCKY DARLING" and other Bradley kiddie-styles at your dealer's. Or write for the new Bradley Style Book.

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY
Delavan, Wisconsin

Slip into a

Bradley
KNIT WEAR

and out-of-doors

*Let your own Baby
try it for a week!*

Money back if not satisfied

GIVE your precious baby the opportunity to develop straight, sturdy legs, strong ankles and rosy cheeks. Exercise without strain. Action without fatigue. Fun without danger. Comfort in every position and for hours at a time!

Doctors recommend it. Authorities endorse it. Other mothers testify to its value.

A caretaker for the baby and labor saver for yourself

It keeps baby off the floor, out of drafts and dangers. Rubber bound all around, it cannot injure the furniture. Folds flat; easily carried wherever you go. Handle can be attached either front or back for pushing or pulling. Safety and comfort assured indoors or out.

At your dealer or direct from the factory complete with detachable handle. \$4.95 postpaid. Denver and West, \$5.50. Or we will ship C. O. D. if you prefer. Send the coupon today.

Satisfaction or money back.



The Rockaway Mfg. Co., 531-535 E. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Enclosed find for which ship postpaid one Safety-Walker. If I am not satisfied after one week's trial, I will return it and you will refund the purchase price.

Name.....

P. O. Address..... State.....

My dealer is.....

FOR MOTHER'S DAY

What can be sweeter than a mother's kiss,
A mother's kiss of love?
What can be sweeter than a mother's eyes,
As blue as the skies above?
What can be sweeter than a mother's lips,
As red as the roses fair?
What of all things can be sweeter
Than a mother's care?

Age 9. **AUDREY BEATTY,**
El Paso, Tex.

Little Robin Redbreast,
Hopped on my window sill.
He flapped his wings and gaily chirped,
"Good morning, little Bill."

With love,
Age 8½ **BOB BEATTY, JR.,**
Charlotte, N. C.

CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Requests for letters from children must be accompanied by the written consent of parent or guardian.

Lorraine Auxier, East Point, Ky.
Emily Sarah McDade, McDade, La., age 12.
Marjorie M. Anderson, Malden, Wash., age 10.
Peggy Thatcher, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Esther Levine, 93 Eagle St., Pittsfield, Mass.
Elsie Smith, 331 Frederick Ave., Bellmore, L. I., N. Y., age 13.
Helen Wilton, Lyndonville, Vt.
Elsie Freed, 2104 Market St., San Diego, Calif., age 11.
Frances Ellison, 1318 Quarrier St., Charleston, W. Va., age 12.
Dorothy Thompson, 5632 Berenice Ave., Chicago, Ill., age 13.
Florence F. Payer, Ulm, Ark., age 9.
Clara A. Duncan, Holston, Va., Box 57, age 13.
Eleanor Hazlett, 1718 Washington Ave., Parkersburg W. Va., age 11.
Louise Bernthal, Standish, Mich., age 12.
Elizabeth Brydon, Brampton, Ont., Can., Box 701.



CORNELIUS WOOD, JR.

MY DOG TEDDY

I love my dog, Teddy,
He's cute and he's bright.
He has black spots on him,
But he's mostly white.

CORNELIUS WOOD, JR.,
Andover, Mass.

BIG-BANG CELEBRATORS

NO MATCHES NO POWDER



—SAFE NOISE—



SAFETY PISTOL

A Real Pistol in looks but absolutely safe—made of black gun-metal—comes in leather holster.

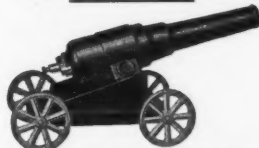
No. 6P—Price \$2.00—8 inches



ARMY TANK

Fired like any BIG-BANG with the added feature that Tank can also be fired by stepping on the ignitor.

No. 6T—Price \$1.00—8 inches

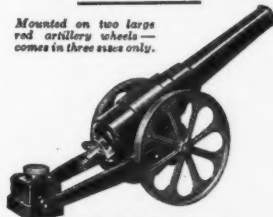


HEAVY ARTILLERY

This New Model has four red wheels and is mounted on a strong steel carriage.

No. 10W—Price \$3.00—14 inches

Mounted on two large red artillery wheels—comes in three sizes only.



FIELD ARTILLERY

No. 16F—Price \$5.50—length 23 inches
No. 12F—Price \$3.75—length 17 inches
No. 8F—Price \$2.25—length 11 inches

EXTRA SUPPLIES

Bangsite (ammunition) per tube \$.15
Spark Plug (ignitor) per card10

PARENTS! Protect your child. Relieve yourselves from heaps of worry by getting him a powderless BIG-BANG—real in appearance and operation with all danger cut out.

BIG-BANG in military games, saluting and celebrating has the Glamour, the Flash and the Boom which appeal so strongly to every boy, with the absolute safety demanded by the most exacting parents.

SAFE NOISE FOR SALE

If your dealer cannot supply you, send money order or check or pay the Postman for a "BIG-BANG" with a Supply of Bangsite (ammunition) which will be sent to you prepaid in U. S. A. together with complete directions.

GUARANTEE—If the BIG-BANG is not entirely satisfactory, return it at once and your money will be refunded promptly.

The Conestoga Corporation
Bethlehem, Pa.
(FORMERLY TOY CANNON WORKS)

THE MUSIC OF THE BREEZE

I lie awake in bed
With pillows to my head.
I look outdoors and see the trees,
And hear the music of the breeze.

DOROTHY REED,
Evanston, Ill.

Age 7.



JOANNE AND DOROTHY REED

A MAYING PARTY

It was May. All of April's showers had ceased and the sun shone brightly.

Betty White was playing in her front yard. Her older brother, who had just returned from running an errand for his mother, was playing with her. In a little while Mother appeared at the door and told the children dinner was ready. At the dinner table Daddy said, "Children I have planned a surprise for you. Each of you may have one guess as to what it is." Betty suggested that it was a pet that Daddy had bought for them, but Dad said, "No." Tom guessed that some new toy had been purchased, but again Dad said, "No." Then he added, "As long as you cannot guess I will tell you."

"Next Saturday we will go on a Maying Party. We will take our lunch, and stay the whole day."

"Oh goodie!" shouted the children.

At last the day came. It was bright and beautiful, neither too warm nor too cold. The children were allowed to invite a few boys and girls to go with them. At nine o'clock they were ready to start. They climbed into their automobile and were off. At last they reached a wood which looked very cool and inviting. The children at once spied some violets, and Dad decided they could stop there. They gathered flowers, filling basket after basket until one o'clock, when they ate their lunch. Everyone was hungry. They spent the balance of the afternoon picking violets and buttercups. At five o'clock they again got in their machine and started for home. That night as Mother tucked Tom and Betty in bed they said, "This is the happiest day we have ever had."

ELIZABETH M. POWERS,
Baltimore, Md.

Age 12.

Something New!

fun to
Build—
fun to
Play in—



Peter Pan Play House

Big enough for three youngsters to get in and play in. Plans include folding table, chairs, book shelf, screens, door, porch and railing. Easy to build in a few hours with Peter Pan Play House Plans. Everything is complete—blue prints and instructions are easy to understand; material list ready to hand your lumber dealer. House is 6 feet by 4, and 5½ feet high. Pin a dollar to the coupon—give your children a real play house.

Complete with plans, material \$1.00
lists and instructions, only

Ask for illustrated folder showing Peter Pan Ready-Built Play House

PETER PAN BUILDERS
509-a Security Bldg., Davenport, Ia.

☐ Enclosed is \$1.00 for plans.

☐ Please send folder showing Peter Pan Ready-Built Play House.

Name

Address

City State

FILMS—BOYS—FILMS

Largest and Finest Stock in the Country.
Tom Mix—Chaplin—Johnny Hines—Baby Peggy
All the Best Stars

200 foot lengths \$1.50 postpaid. Complete stories, 1000 feet \$3.50 per reel up. List Free.

Write for our SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

DIXIE FILM CO.

Dept. G. Box 2042

Memphis, Tenn.



THE coupon below opens the road to high adventure—in health. For in eleven delicious crackers—whole wheat blended with brown sugar—it will bring you a double supply of energy in quickly available form.

Wheatworth Crackers abound in the mineral salts, vitamins and bran so essential for joyous well-being—that make the brain keen, the mind eager and alert. Send for a package today—Free!

F. H. Bennett Biscuit Company,
142 Ave. D, Dept. E., New York City
Gentlemen: Please pass the crackers.
Enclosed are 3 cents for postage

Name

Address



THIS CLASS PIN 25c.

19 or more, Silver plate, Single pins 35c ea. choice 3 colors enamel, 3 letters, date. Sterling Silver, 19 or more 45c ea. Single pins 65c ea. Free Cat. shows Pins, Rings, Emblems 30c to \$5 ea.

988 Metal Arts Co., Inc., 7709 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

DOLL'S EMBROIDERY OUTFITS

Contains attractive items "Just like MOTHER'S," afford an interesting means for the little one's instructions in the art of sewing and embroidering.

GIRLS! Save your errand money and your weekly allowance to obtain one of these attractive outfits to work upon during your VACATION.



SET No. 99 as illustrated. . . . PRICE \$1.00 POSTPAID
Contains many different made up garments, such as illustrated above, to fit a 16 inch doll, and is put up in an attractive brightly colored box, including EMBROIDERY SCISSORS, HOOP, NEEDLE, THIMBLE and EMBROIDERY COTTON, to complete the embroidery. WRITE for membership blanks and further information about our LITTLE MOTHER'S ART EMBROIDERY CLUB & JOURNAL. ALSO FOR CATALOGUE of our EMBROIDERY NOVELTIES, INCLUDE four cents (4c) in stamps for mailing.

TRENG MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
127 Fulton Ave., "C", Astoria, L. I., N. Y. U. S. A.



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes | Whitens
Freckles | The Skin

The Stillman Co., 126 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

TWO LITTLE BIRDIES' NEST

Once there were two little birds. They lived in Alabama in a county called Baldwin and there is a spot there, out in the country, that to me is like Paradise. Back among the trees is a large white house. In winter it is chilly outside, but inside is a large log fire. In fall, when the leaves are falling, it is wonderfully beautiful. In summer it is delightful. But in spring—ah, there is no word fit for the beauty of the place.

My story happened one spring. The trees and flowers were just budding out. The dark live oaks up against the shaded camphor trees were gorgeous. The wisteria was magnificent. On one side of the yard was the orchard. The pear trees' white blossoms were everywhere. On the other side was the vineyard. Even though the grapevines did not bloom, their pale green leaves were as pretty as could be. I was lying in the swing under the great live oak, listening to the birds. I noticed two tiny birds hunting a place to build their nest. No matter where they went, some larger birds had all the good safe places. They began to think there was no room for them anywhere. Finally, one of them flew in an open window. Straight into the parlor he flew. On the mantel, guess what he found! He found a basket.

The next morning I went into the parlor. I saw two very busy little creatures. I recognized them as my friends of the day before. I watched them a very long time. What do you think they were doing? Carrying their material, straw by straw, feather by feather, and hair by hair, and dropping into the basket to deposit their burden. When the nest was finished the mother bird sat day by day until the nest contained five tiny, weeny eggs. Then came the days of patient waiting. The mother bird sat and sat and sat, while the father bird brought her food.

Finally five tiny, weeny, birdlings were in that nest. They were fed and fed until they were strong enough to fly. At first they were scared. At last one was brave enough to try. The others soon followed. Soon they were all expert fliers. One day old North Wind told them to fly south, for he was coming. They took his advice. I hope I shall see more birds next spring.

JULIA McMILLAN.



MARQUAND GORTON

I have a little cat,
And his name is Nutty;
Every time you say his name
He'll walk very struttly.

MARQUAND GORTON,
Boise, Idaho.



A Music Professor and the Harmonica

"Inspiring people to play a musical instrument means laying the foundation for much happiness and contentment" says Peter W. Dykema, Professor of Music Education at Columbia University. "No instrument is better adapted to universal use than the Harmonica. May the time soon come when everyone will feel it is an important part of his equipment."

This learned professor, who has taught thousands of students the way to happiness through music, knows that the Harmonica is one instrument which anyone may easily learn to play. And millions of people the world over know that to play the Hohner Harmonica is a source of happiness and satisfaction.

Get a Hohner Harmonica today and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies write: M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 187, 114 East 16th Street, New York City.



Soothing and Refreshing to Eyes after Motoring

When you return from a dusty ride with red, strained, irritated eyes, apply a few drops of harmless Murine. Soon they will be clear again and will feel as strong and fresh as they look. Try it!

Write Murine Co., Dept. 90, Chicago, for FREE books on Eye Beauty and Eye Care

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES



Welcome to the
**PRINCE GEORGE
KIDDIES PLAY ROOF**
NEW YORK

A spacious fairyland play-ground fully equipped and safeguarded on top of this

Home in the Heart of Things

**1000 Rooms
5 Dining Rooms**

Rooms with Bath \$3.00 and up
A. M. GUTTERSON, Manager

This Beach Suit

and many other types of play and dress clothing for girls and boys are illustrated in our new Sewing Book for Spring and Summer. There also are sports dresses, neckwear, lingerie and other new ideas for their elders.



WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE

Thousands of women send for these semi-annual sewing books regularly.

Send 10 cents in stamps

for book and three-yard sample in fast color percale in any one of the following colors: Yellow, Peach, Linen, Gray, Light Blue, Orange, Red, Navy, Lavender, Old Rose, Pink, Copenhagen, Reseda, Brown, Black, Yale Blue, Emerald, Gold, Tan.

Wm. E. Wright & Sons Co.
Manufacturers
Dept. 157 Orange, N. J.



A RULE

If I would be a happy child,
I must obey my mother.
And through obedience to her words
I'll show how much I love her.

DORA B. SHERER.



BESSIE JOYCE LEWIS

Dear Miss Waldo:

May I join the Joy Givers' Club? I would enjoy the club so much. I live in a little city on the coast. I have no brothers or sisters and feel lonely sometimes.

This summer my little cousin, Fay Gratham, and I visited New York, Rhode Island and other northern states. On our way home we stopped at Washington and with our cousin, Phillip Thomas, we went sight-seeing and took pictures also. I am sure you will recognize our Capitol at once. I am the small girl in the picture.

I have a kitten for a pet. I am in the second grade and have a lovely teacher from Virginia.

Love to all the CHILD LIFE readers and I hope they enjoy the magazine as much as I do.

BESSIE JOYCE LEWIS,
Beaufort, N. C.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I read the story of "Grimsel, the Performing Bear" in CHILD LIFE, and it was so interesting that I showed it to Mother. As she is personally acquainted with Lucy Blanchard, the author, she took me to see her when we were in Salt Lake City. I had a lovely time while visiting her.

She has a whole tray filled with many hand-carved bears that she brought from Switzerland. Each bear is perfectly and exquisitely made. She also showed me many pictures that have been sent to her from Rome and all parts of the world.

Among her other collections of treasures and antiques, she has two gourds used for carrying water, that were sent to her from Mexico. She also has a carving in wood of the Lion of Lucerne. This was sent to her from a former professor of history.

Sincerely yours,

ALICE LEE BURLEIGH,
Preston, Idaho.

Age 12.

It's Fun

...to weigh on a
Health-O-Meter

All you do is to get on.
A big arrow flashes
around and tells you
your exact weight.
Weighing yourself
every day on a Health-
O-Meter is great
sport.



Ask to have a
HEALTH-O-METER

... put in your bathroom

It's nice to know how much you weigh today and how much you have gained since last week. Your parents will be glad to have you weigh daily so that they can be sure you are growing as you should.

\$15.00 Delivered East of the Rockies
CONTINENTAL SCALE WORKS
5701 S. Claremont Ave. Dept. 48-E Chicago

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$18 to \$60 a week Retouching photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish Working Outfit Free. Limited offer. Write today. **ARTCRAFT STUDIOS**, Dept. 22, 1325 Sheridan Road Chicago



Children are Happy Because
They Can Go Anywhere on
the New Rubber Sole

KANGRU-SPRINGSHU
(Kangaroo Springshoes)

Sidewalks or rough roads—paths or fields—are all the same to children of 4 to 12 years who leap and run on Kangaroo Springshoes. Like jumping on the bed, and eases the bed. Go where roller skates cannot. A healthful outdoor sport which adds fun to all active games. Easy and SAFE.

Price \$3.00 per pair

Add 50c West of the Rockies



ASK YOUR DEALER
or mail the coupon

LITTLEFIELD MFG. CO.
704 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is { P. O. Money Order } for \$.....
Please send { Express Money Order } for \$.....
Please send Pairs Rubber Sole Kangru-Springshoes with the understanding that this money will be refunded if not satisfactory.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....Weight.....

City.....State.....

Be Sure It Is A JOY BALL

There is only one "JOY-BALL" but several imitations.

The original genuine "JOY-BALL" comes in an attractive colored box bearing a picture of the "Joy-Ball" Girl as illustrated, and instructions for playing "JOY-BALL" games. You can not mistake it.

The genuine "JOY-BALL" consists of a case made of a special heavy rubberised fabric which is tough, strong and waterproof, and it has a husky rubber basket-ball type bladder—not just a balloon.

We guarantee the "JOY-BALL" and will replace any defective case or bladder providing the ball is purchased in the box with seal unbroken.

"JOY-BALL" quality insures long service and maximum pleasure.

If not obtainable locally, will be sent direct and postpaid upon receipt of price, \$1.25.

Use This Coupon When Ordering by Mail

THE VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO., 13109 Athens Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send one JOY BALL for which I enclose \$1.25.

Name

Address



"Pediforme" Shoes

Teach Your Children How To
Put The Best Foot Forward

Parents, take no chances. Buy your children Pediforme Shoes. Orthopedically correct. A size and style for every age and purpose. Before you buy another pair send for

THE PEDIFORME Book M

It tells you about your children's feet and how to care for them.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.
36 W. 56th St., New York 322 Livingston St., Brooklyn

MIDGET NAME CARDS

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book
Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 1/2 x 2 1/2, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c, name only. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents Wanted.

MIDGET CARD SHOP, INC.

118 S. Market Square - Harrisburg, Pa.

Hang Pictures in the
Children's Room with
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
For Heavy Pictures
Moore Push-less Hangers
Scientifically Secure Safety
10c pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



**Safe
Milk
and Food**
For INFANTS,
Children, Invalids
and for All Ages

See EUROPE

Intelligently and
in Comfort!

Henry Purmort Eames' Summer
Travel Party. His eighth and best
tour sails in June 17, 1927 for 72
wonderful days.

Address Mr. EAMES

American Conservatory, Kimball Hall
CHICAGO

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Invest your funds in our Real Estate Mortgage
Securities. Never a loss of principal or interest.
You can invest from \$100 up.

Write us for particulars

B. J. CAVANAGH

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Teach Children To Use Cuticura

Soothes and Heals
Rashes and Irritations
Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear



IF YOU desire information which will
help you in solving any school or camp
problem, our experience in visiting schools
and camps all over the country is at your
service. We shall count it a privilege to
help you. Write to

CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education
270 Madison Avenue New York

MAY

"Rejoice! Rejoice!" the robins say,
"Rejoice! Rejoice!" for it is May!"
A violet here, a tulip there—
The flowers are blooming everywhere.

Age 10.

BETTY STONINGTON,
West New Brighton,
Staten Is., N. Y.



CHARLOTTE JOAN KELLY

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I am sending you my picture. It was
taken on the oldest Spanish ranch in the
state of California.

Your new friend,

CHARLOTTE JOAN KELLY,
Topeka, Kans.

Age 10.

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Continued from April

HONOR ROLL

Marilyn P. Noyes	Edward Scruggs
Lela Nordeen	Donald Sydow
Marion Nickson	Louise Stern
Felice Nowers*	Velva Shipman
Catherine Orr	Betty Tillack
Cecil O'Toole	Eric Tanberg
Betty Oaks	Betty Thompson
Nancy Ogden	Edith L. Tyler
Evelyn Opdake	Duke Taylor, Jr.
Peggy Parsons	Frazer Thornley
Marjorie Pearce	Alice Tracy
Helen Post	Leonard Taylor
Freda Poltz	Madeleine Iye
Barbara H. Phipps	Edith Vanderweidt
Mary Plummer	Josephine Vinson
Charles H. Quick	Curtis Van Allen
Janice Rood	Elizabeth Vincent
Nancy Robling	Katherine Verner
Barbara Rose	Margaret White
Doris Roth	Ruth Wylie
Elizabeth Royal	Jean Wilson
Kathleen M. Ross	Robert Wurst
Elsie Rutgers	Virginia Wallace
Richard Rhodes*	Lucy Withrow
Harry Randel	Emma J. Wilder
Louis Ross	Nita B. Warner
Carol Sweet	William Wilson
Helen Sugden	Mary V. Ward
Jay Smolin	Louise Wright
Jack Stoner	Georgia Waterhouse
Darthy I. Stewart	Ruth E. Whitehouse
Annie Simpson	Robert Wronker
Louis Scinta	Tura J. Webb
Barbara Simonds	Margaret Woodson
Virginia A. Snow*	Anne L. Wells
Lady G. Sanders	Janet Wolfer
Lois A. Smith	Dorothy Wilkins
George Sebastian*	Mary K. Witt
Martin Smith	Burnley Welsh*
Janet Speid	Genevieve Weyrrouch
Billie Spooner	Muriel Williams*
Betty Smith	Bertha Warnecke
Maurice Smith*	Ruth Whiting
Phyllis Stewart	Edwin Webb
Robert Seitz	John Williams, Jr.
	Jeannette Whittlesey
	Buddy Woodward
	Bob Yankee
	Helmut R. Zwilling

* Special Mention

